

HUSBANDS
AND
WIVES

BY
ARTHUR
BELLEVILLE
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Autograph book

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Los Angeles, Cal.

Dec. 25, 1923.

Rev. Willis Martin
With my best wishes
Arthur Belleville McCoide

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

UNIV. OF CALIF. LIBRARY. LOS ANGELES

FIRST PRINTING, APRIL, 1921
ST. HUBERT PUBLISHING CO.
CHICAGO

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BY
ARTHUR BELLEVILLE McCOID



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CHICAGO

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PREFACE

The inspiration for this book is derived from my long experience in the courts. This has brought me into direct contact with the old, dusty, tangled web of the marriage relation. To the disinterested observer, it is evident that the married pair themselves are responsible for almost every case of divorce. From my point of vantage, I saw what those with but one experience could not see, how the obstacles to happiness in marriage might have been avoided, and I felt that could I make them see it, the increasingly difficult problem of marriage and divorce would, in great part, be solved.

So, with the highest ideal for the future increase of happiness for the human race, I began this story of "Husbands and Wives." As the work progressed, I found myself constantly in danger of losing this high ideal. But, as science is built upon the truth as gained from actual experience, and as that is the only safe foundation upon which to build, I have struggled to present, not merely the facts, but the spirit of what my experience has brought to me.

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CHAPTER I

MARRIAGE

Though philosophers shake wise and cynical heads, and misanthropes adduce tomes of irrefutable arguments for the abolition of matrimony, though theories for the revolutionizing of society periodically startle the world and disappear around the corner in clouds of sociological dust, the truths of human relationships continue to operate, quite as though these wiseacres had not proved them out of date and even non-existent. All facts are stubborn, and none so immovable as those of sex. To the end of time men and women will remain mates, will continue to need each other, and when truly mated will lead a life incomparable to single existence. Marriage cemented by a spirit of unity is the ideal relationship, and so built up, it is no less a force for material progress than for peace and harmony.

The natural growth of this relationship, as youth merges by imperceptible degrees into old age, is like the completion of some beautiful old cathedral, built slowly and serenely by two workmen, secure from the eyes of the

world. The man and woman who have grown old together happily, may well view their life as a lasting service to humanity.

Nature is entirely indifferent to the individual, being wholly concerned with the race, and she has endowed man with the qualities and desires that will fulfil her purposes. That he may grow and preserve his life, she has made him hungry, and that he may reproduce life, she has endowed both men and women with sex, and thus implanted in every normal being passion and the desire for parenthood. Natural laws are never evaded without suffering, and the sooner sex is recognized as fundamental, the sooner human beings will be able to fit themselves intelligently into the scheme of life. Convention has made a bogey and a mystery of something which is universal, and unalterable. We may live to eat, but most of us prefer to eat to live. Sex likewise should be the means and not the end of life, although Nature has set pleasure as a bait for entering into her plan of reproduction, so that no social relation can give so full a life as that of marriage. As it is the natural, and the harmonious existence, man finds other fashions of living discordant, and fails to achieve his fullest development in

them. The vocations of husband, wife, father and mother are the highest of human callings, and those which round out the characters of both men and women.

If married life is ideal when entered upon with love and affection, plus the steadfast purpose of making it a real union, the opposite is true if the relationship is not based upon these fundamentals. Discord in the home destroys the finer elements of the relationship and plunges the husband and wife into the most hopeless state to which human beings may fall heir. If society is to survive, it must encourage proper marriages and maintain the dignity and the purity of the marriage relation, since this institution is the foundation of the entire social structure.

Edward C. Conklin, in his "Heredity and Environment," writes: "There is a larger freedom and a greater responsibility than that which characterizes the individual. What the individual cannot do because of weakness, ignorance, self-interest and short life, society can accomplish with the strength, wisdom and interest of all, and through long ages of time." This point of view is the larger, more comprehensive attitude toward life. It indicates the

two-fold purpose in marriage: First, to accomplish through the linking of one character with another "what the individual cannot do because of weakness, ignorance and self-interest"; second, through the linking of these unified lives with society, to accomplish through future generations, their dearest dreams and fairest hopes. No man is content to believe that the fruits of his ancestors' struggles go back to the dust with him. Marriage enables him to prolong his own entity in that of his offspring. Most children are told the story of the father who said to his little son: "See how easily I break this match with but two fingers! But now try to break this bundle of matches. You find it impossible." It is the old parable of group strength.

In entering upon marriage, a man and a woman are building stronger than they realize. They have but to look beyond their selfish hopes and desires to see what a significance their step bears to the progress of the human caravan toward the goal. Their union is not merely the binding of the aims and interests of two individuals, but the foundation of a new unit of the social group, which will link them to society and strengthen all their pur-

poses and capabilities. By looking to the future, they exemplify man's differentiation from the other living creatures, his power to reason.

Mankind further demonstrates the possession of spiritual faculties denied to the brute creation by his adaptation of physical forces to moral ends, and this is nowhere so evident as in the institution of marriage. Originating in the instinct for the preservation of species, which man shares with the lowest of animal life, marriage has become the foundation of civilization, the inspiration of material and moral progress, and a part of religion itself.

At its best, marriage represents the completion of the individual, physically and mentally. To be the perfect complement must be the paramount aim of every man and woman who desires to be the architect of a fair and stately house of life. It will be built of those moments when each toils doggedly to become the needed complement, achieving balance as if they were children on a see-saw; the times when the complement must counter pride with humility, repentance with forgiveness, irritability with grace, anger with serenity. The honeymoon is a tacit acknowledgment of this need of accli-

mation for two people entering the untried country of wedded life. Their marriage is of small value to society until they have become complements, and of little satisfaction to themselves.

Marriage should have three aims: to unify; to reproduce; to build. In its unification, it should make two individuals mutually complementary. In reproduction the fruits of this unification appear—new individuals to carry on the work of the world. Its third purpose is carried out in the extension of the field of human endeavor. By establishing the home and the family, marriage contributes new units to the social group. Through the combination of these high functions, and through the task of educating its offspring, marriage becomes the incentive to material achievement, to growth of character and to social responsibility.

Only the perfectly mated know the meaning of life for they alone have found their other, dissimilar selves, which fulfil the needs of their own. They are adjusted to the scheme of creation and find the task of carrying it out not irksome, but a joyful exercise of their powers. The ultimate purpose of human life is to pass on the torch of heredity, not merely

undimmed, but burning with a clearer light, and what is so well adapted to the accomplishment of this high purpose as the true marriage?

Aside from the question of children, consider the life of men and women living together outside of marriage. Their relation lacks three elevating influences: permanence, obligation and public sanction. Instead of an ordinance of society, their union has become a purely individual matter, and individuals, alas! are seldom good enough or wise enough to escape shipwreck of their lives when they throw away the charts and compasses of a civilized experience. Those who say they cannot pledge the continuance of so ideal a thing as love confess that they do not expect it to last. Without permanence, the so-called love may become mere self-indulgence; and since any desire gratified solely for its own sake palls quickly the relationship is likely to degenerate into a sordid pursuit of sensation.

The lack of responsibility is another disintegrating force in free unions. Until the millennium, human nature will continue to need the discipline of definitely undertaken obligations. Even if the high ideals and stead-

fast character of the lovers should overcome the evil influences of non-permanence and irresponsibility, the fact remains that the relation must be secret, and secrecy is not an atmosphere in which lovely flowers of conduct and helpful fruits of endeavor come to perfection.

If there are children, all these objections still hold, but they are insignificant compared to the one of injustice to the child. One may choose to put himself outside of the protection of society, but who has the right to make such a choice for another human being? Those who glorify love and scorn marriage are not necessarily deficient in morality; they may be incapable of wide vision and clear thinking.

To the class of men who deliberately shirk the demands of married life, and flit from affinity to affinity on a frank quest of nothing but pleasure, there is little that is worth saying. They pay as they go, or think they do, and feel that it is all their own business. Perhaps if they could have one hour's vision of the long agony of toil, suffering and bloodshed that this present civilization, faulty as it is, has cost the human race, they would hesitate to attack its foundation, even to the extent of their puny ability.

In considering the advantages of marriage, one is struck by the fact that it is generally the married who have been most successful in business. This is not because being wedded endows them with superior abilities, but that it furnishes a motive for effort. Single men and women lack both the incentive and the encouragement to accumulate wealth or to become signally successful in business. Wives love to save as well as to spend so they inspire husbands to provide the wherewithal.

It is the married, too, who receive and deserve the greater consideration from the community, not on a basis of groundless favoritism, but in recognition of comparative value to the community itself. Who build homes, and work hardest for the improvement of the town or the neighborhood? The married, because they have a stake in it. If undesirable elements invade a district, the single and footloose can easily go elsewhere, but not so the married. They must stay and make a fit place for a family to grow up, and thus they do more for the community than their single neighbors.

To women, especially, marriage gives opportunity for mental development, by enabling them to come into contact with the masculine

point of view. After her first youth, the single woman finds herself more and more restricted to the society of other women, and even if her sex be all that rhetoric has painted it, to move in it exclusively is to lose the point of view of half the race. This state of affairs is probably unjust, since single men of any age are regarded as rare attractions, and are sought diligently by social leaders, but it is a condition and not a theory that confronts us, so it is beside the immediate question to state that women should have the same chance for social contacts as men do.

But all advantages of marriage are of slight import compared to the paramount blessing of a life transfigured by love. In its magic, service and sacrifice become the deepest of joys. Those united in love know eternal truths through living them. They understand that the things that matter happen in the heart and that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Love is the miracle-working power of the human soul, but because it is human, it cannot be perfect, and like all our qualities, it will not approach perfection, unless we strive unremittingly to conquer its weaknesses and to cultivate its excellencies. Romances

have had much to do with the mistaken notion that love is a self-perpetuating, automatic, indestructible solvent of all the difficulties of human intimacy. It is an elixir possessing such virtues, but it likewise contains adulterations that may grow stronger than its life-giving forces.

CHAPTER II

HUSBANDS

Marriage is a little problem play with Love in the role of stage manager and Money as the property man. When the wedding music dies away, the audience of friends and relatives settles itself comfortably to watch the drama. Old Daily Life rings up the curtain of experience and the leading man and his star take their cues. Cast in the important parts, A Husband and A Wife, they occupy their little stage of matrimony alone, uncertain of their lines—for there has been no rehearsal—and there is no prompter. The property man has, very likely, refused them an elaborate setting for the first scene and has set it against the background of the commonplace interior of an average home. As they face their expectant critics, they realize that the play has begun, that their manager, Love, will be outraged if they fail, that they have no choice but to complete the acts and take their meed of hisses and applause. Until Life rings down the curtain, they must enact their scenes together, even though the lights flicker out and all the

audience of their theatre passes slowly, one by one into the night.

It is not surprising that a husband, finding himself in this situation, casts about for words of advice from older actors who have played the piece before. He is cautioned many times to "remember that marriage always contains a certain amount of disillusionment. You will find your mate is not the divinity you have imagined, but a very human sort of person." Yet, even when he expects a certain disappointment, it often exceeds his allowance. The same thing is true for the wife.

Certainly the fairer basis is mutual understanding rather than separate calculations on the amount of disappointment to expect. Disillusionments that are shared and laughed over are easy to bear and lose their inevitable sting.

However unromantic and ordinary and casual such an understanding may be, it is more to be desired than all the luminous dreams of mystery and poetry. A husband may take one of two courses: he may determine by concealment and lack of candor to preserve for his wife her illusions about him, thus prolonging for a short period the hoped-for glamour,

or he may decide at once to give her the opportunity to play the part of a sturdy companion in his most common experiences, a confidante in all his plans and a stimulant to his energy. Surely it is by taking the latter course that he may hope to strengthen their love as the years go by. He must study to make himself indispensable to her happiness.

For the wife's part, there is no reason why she should lose her husband, if she is so loving that she radiates love, for it is not in the power of any living man to resist the lovable woman; and when she is his wife, innumerable threads of mutual dreams and hopes are spun out of their daily association, binding them together in bonds as strong as they are invisible. Unless she displays excessive selfishness or jealousy, the humdrum of everyday living need not cause the husband's affection to waver. Indeed, such is the elusive power of femininity that even the selfish and the jealous woman can attract her husband. If he is a normal man, she can have him and hold him as long as she takes the trouble to make use of her talents for wifehood.

A man loves to love a woman. His desire to be successful in business is partly due to

his enjoyment of the game, but it is equally owing to his wish to gratify her desires. He clings to her admiration, her respect and her confidence. The wife who gives these to her husband can hold him against the world. Even if she does not love him, she can bind him to her with such inspiration. To give these without love requires that the woman be at once a clever and a sincere actress, able to make the missing element unnoticed in the bounty of the gifts she can bestow. Even love is a hollow mockery without kindness, and without sympathy, it becomes but a fire that scorches, instead of a flame that warms and comforts.

There can be developed between men and women, a fellowship of binding nature, whose satisfaction surpasses that of any other relationship. It is one of this uncertain life's most sturdy ties. When a married couple arrive at this stage, they have crossed the shoals. Nothing can disturb their serenity or break up their home. It is secure from all interference from the outside world and grows in contentment from day to day.

The qualities which differentiate a man's mentality from a woman's are elusive and

difficult to describe. Men are more vulnerable and more susceptible to women, as a rule, than women to men—speaking now of the average man and woman, and admitting the necessary exceptions to all rules.

If the simple, whole-hearted sort of fellow meets a good woman nothing can prevent him from attaining happiness. Being generous to a fault he must choose a wife who will not trade on his generosity, who is square enough not to use his love to further her selfish purposes. Kind to his children and considerate to his menials, he is the chap who deserves tenderness and loyalty. While not brilliant or subtle, he makes up for these qualities with his sincerity. Easily ruined by one of those outwardly clinging but inwardly calculating women, in the continual presence of an appreciative wife he advances steadily in all the virtues of his solid worth.

A second, and all too common type of man, has none of the steadiness of the former. He analyzes all his emotions and finds them complex and bewildering. His home is representative of a great class. Everybody knows at least one husband whose dwelling is anything but a place of companionship and harmony.

This man lives his mental life utterly apart from his wife and consequently they grow to have little physical companionship. Such husbands differ in their acceptance of the situation, but the result is the same. Some of them labor on year after year, hoping that sometime their wives will offer them a comradely response. They are always disappointed. If they were not at first nonchalant they usually attain to blasé sophistication if merely to hide their disappointment.

A rare few continue to take the situation seriously. Day by day they become more disillusioned, colder, less approachable. A time arrives when the woman finds it impossible to cross the breach now widened irreparably. Instead of another woman, or women, the husband has replaced her with a hobby or an ambition. He is so engrossed in his own thoughts that he has come to desire little else. In her presence he is morose, sarcastic, uncomfortable. He knows that years ago the fault was hers and now he chooses to revenge himself by making it his own. They live on, politely, together. This husband reads articles on companionship and scoffs at their import, because he has never known it. If he dreamed of it

once he has forgotten that dream completely in the sordid reality of his own failure.

Consider now a third type—the husband who has convinced himself and his wife that he loves her and yet continues to lead a dual existence. This strange problem is met with startling frequency. It contains the kind of paradox that makes human beings interesting yet inexplicable. Here the woman is seemingly his companion, his anchorage, and his mate. She seems not to have made any gross mistake save perhaps that of loving him too well, giving herself up to his every wish too completely. He makes her happy and seems contented in her presence, but out of her presence he drifts easily and casually into sins against their love.

The young wife of this type of man was lunching with a friend in a restaurant while her husband was in New York. When the dessert, a delicious pastry, was served, she tasted it and said, "Oh, how Billy would love this! Isn't it funny—whenever I enjoy anything I always wish he could be enjoying it too?"

The friend happened to know a thing or two about Billy's temperament. Probably he was

lunching at that moment with some stray female whose company he found all-absorbing for the time. When he returned he would bring the wife he was so sure he adored, some expensive lingerie or dainty trinket. He had remarked with all sincerity, that he "wouldn't give up Marguerite for all the other women in the world!" It was true. He had chosen her from a wide acquaintance. In a crisis he would have sacrificed everything for her, but while there was no crisis he drifted on in his thoughtless way, "not missing anything," as he expressed it, with his wife, perhaps, in the hazy background of his thoughts. He knew he was always in the foreground of her thoughts. She couldn't even enjoy her dessert without him!

Thoughtlessness and selfishness are the keynotes of such husbands' characters. They need some grave catastrophe or bitter experience to arouse them to the seriousness of their light disloyalty. The fault lies not with the marriage relation but with their own characters. They are undisciplined, they have not learned to play out the game according to a code.

Two definitions of the word "husband" are extant:

1. Husband—the head of a household, and
2. Husband—a man who has a wife.

In the second definition we read something of the deterioration of the man's status. It applies to those dilettantes in the love game who avoid any cares and wish love to be "free." It cannot be too often reiterated that love is never free. Love always entails sacrifice. The most irresponsible man with his mistress is bound by a chain that holds him whichever way he turns. In seeking to attain ill-gotten freedom a husband becomes merely "a man who has a wife." He will never be the head of a household because he can never attain to, or hold, the respect of his wife and children.

Marriage is really a barter of service, since love is always an exchange.

The husband who is a companion gives much and receives much.

The indifferent husband gives nothing and receives nothing.

The dual life husband receives much and gives nothing.

The slave husband receives nothing and gives much.

Many men come under all categories at vari-

ous periods of their marriage. It is useless to attempt to classify them because of abnormal and subnormal cases. Any pigeon-holing of human nature is stupid and leads to hasty generalizations and half-truths.

There is just one big secret as to how to treat a wife, and that is as a pal and good fellow. A husband must be a good fellow in every phase of the relationship, just as he would be a good fellow with a man with whom he hoped to have advantageous business dealings. He must bear in mind that his partner is not petty nor small and must be treated accordingly.

The young man who marries a girl trained for wifedom is delighted to discover her staunch and frank and full of understanding. He finds it difficult to treat her as anything but a partner. Beyond this important attitude there is little for him to master in order to achieve a successful marriage. If he desires still further advice it might be well for him to copy or learn the concise principles one young husband typed and carries in his billfold:

Take a two weeks' vacation away from the household at least once a year.

Give the greater part of the day to a set ambition. Discuss it with her.

Avoid relatives' interference.

Have children or adopt some.

Arrive at a frank agreement about money.

Work together, play together, grow together.

Share responsibility, share the fun, share each other.

CHAPTER III

WIVES

The ideal wife recognizes her obligations and seeks to fulfil them. Scorning the parasitic life that selfishly takes but never unselfishly gives, she makes the motto of her home "share and share alike," and demands no more favors or indulgence than she is willing to grant. She knows that if by disposition, constitution or ability, she falls short in some direction, it is possible for her to make amends for this lack by excellencies in other places. Her instinct of maternity she regards with pride and reverence, because she recognizes it as the call to the highest vocation of her sex—motherhood. She has no wish to weaken the tie that binds her to her husband, because, like woman-kind in general, once having given her love to a man, she desires to cleave to him through all vicissitudes of good and ill. Instead of clamoring about freedom, she quietly sets about establishing a companionship whose merit lies in its very imprisonment of her affections.

Humanly speaking, however, there is little value in formulating abstract ideals of every-

day characters. The average man or woman is not enthusiastic over abstractions, whether of generosity, religion, nobility or even love. They have no significance for us except as they are manifested in our fellow-beings and ourselves. It is safe to wager that history has more readers than philosophy. The former recounts the actual experiences of those who lived in the past; the latter fashions the codes upon which life is ordered, and these codes interest us only in so far as they are concrete enough to apply to our daily life, and as our experience has enabled us to judge of their value.

The woman who is endeavoring to reach some conclusions about a successful marriage is likely to yawn over descriptions of the ideal wife, but she will be all attention to anything she recognizes as describing her own case, for what she wants to know is how she can put her own personality to the best possible use in pursuing her job of being a wife. Once she realizes that the solution of every human problem lies in the characters of those who have created it, she will know that she can best aid herself by studying that same personality of hers. She will list her assets and

her liabilities and honestly analyze them, to determine how she may minimize the one and make best use of the other.

Suppose she actually makes out a little questionnaire of this kind:

1. What qualities in myself does my husband value above all others?
2. Am I developing and preserving them to the best of my ability?
3. What qualities in myself annoy him?
4. Is he justified in feeling such annoyance?
5. Am I doing all I can to subordinate the Me that irritates him?

Fancy the good humor and the interest that the mutual consideration of such a document would arouse between the wife and husband. If they laugh at it, so much the better. At least they have laughed together. After studying it a moment they decide that there is something in it. As they write down unbiased judgments of themselves and of each other, they discover elements in their relationship that they have overlooked. The impersonality of the game makes it possible for each to mention tactfully criticisms heretofore withheld.

Perhaps the wife considers the questionnaire

alone. Suppose she enumerates her appearance, good temper, neatness and candor as an answer to Question One.

Question Two brings her to the realization that she has been neglecting her appearance of late. On the score of candor and neatness, she cannot feel guilty, but she admits that her good humor has been on a vacation the last few weeks.

Question Three provokes her to a thorough-going inventory of her besetting weaknesses, and reveals her carelessness in grammar, her illogical remarks in argument, her lack of punctuality and her habit of dawdling and day-dreaming as irritants to her husband. She decides that he is quite justified in his dislike of them.

Question Five is probably answered with an unconditional negative. She realizes that she has made no effort to change. If she were to analyze her reason for persisting in ill-doing she would find that it was due in part to a human resentment that the blindness of courtship is dissipated by marriage, and in part to an unfounded notion that by changing, even for the better, she would be yielding to a mere masculine whim. If the study has vouchsafed

her a moment of clear vision, she determines to enter upon a new regime—the elimination of the undesirable self through the development of the one deservedly beloved.

A type of wife entirely different from this woman who strives to become the person her husband desires, is the one who finds no need to improve, because her husband idolizes her just as she is. He dotes on her, indulging her every caprice, until his very devotion bores her, and she casts about for some diversion. Whatever her husband's aims and interests, when in her presence his thoughts are all of her. Thus his mind becomes an open book which she reads as easily as a primer, and with about as much enjoyment. Even admiration of one's self palls when it becomes a habit and is undiversified by some wholesome indifference, and the result is that soon the woman begins to enjoy the society of other men. Her husband is incapable of doubting her, because he is incapable of giving a thought to another woman; so he enjoys seeing her admired and hearing her praised.

The temptation that besets this woman is that of neglecting and wounding her husband, for the sake of playing a hazardous game.

She prizes his Rock-of-Gibraltar devotion but wants the froth of life as well. Generally the greatest harm she accomplishes is that of delivering herself into the power of the gossips, who are always waiting harpy-like to pounce upon any victim. She may wake up to find herself with an injured reputation, in exchange for the doubtful pleasure of a few foolish flirtations.

In other instances, such conduct in a wife will be misunderstood, and she will bring upon herself treatment which she is not in a position to resent, however innocent she may be. Her husband, like the proverbial worm, will sometime turn. Incidents, apparently unnoticed by him, become events of sinister import in recollection, and trivial occurrences which she has long forgotten, recur to him with distorted significance. It requires only the slightest jar to serve as a climax, and precipitate the catastrophe of another broken home, and the divorce court.

The wife who is really neglected by her husband, can quietly adopt some plan to win more consideration. Every time her husband proposes going out alone, unless it is too frequently, she should cheerfully acquiesce but

should always plan to go somewhere herself. Perhaps a man would not enjoy himself so completely if he remembered now and then that his wife was also attending a party with friends. Presently he will arrange to take his wife with him. He will make his jaunts alone less frequently than he would if he knew she was passing a lonely evening waiting for him to come home. Such a man is selfish, without doubt. He is not concerned with his wife's good time but is only afraid that she will find some other man attractive. She will have accomplished her purpose, however, of making him realize that she can enjoy herself without him—a tremendous shock to his vanity!

It is well, too, for her to ask herself if she is altogether blameless in regard to the man's conduct. Being married is no newer to the wife than to the husband, although it entails a vastly greater change in her life and associations. It is her business to see that the man feels some responsibility for the home life, beyond financing it, and to do it in a fashion to invest responsibility with attraction.

Some women imagine jealousy is a sign of an overwhelming passion. It may be a sign of passion, but never of true love. Confidence is

inseparable from the kind of love that makes a true marriage, while jealousy is nothing but the manifestation of suspicion, doubt and fear.

A woman who has a jealous husband should realize that she has built her house upon the sands—shifting sands—and should set to work to build a sure foundation. She must show her husband that she loves him—that thoughts of other men are beneath her, that he insults her by his suspicions. She must let her husband know that she considers his jealousy a form of dementia that is unworthy of him. If she proceeds along this line she will find that her labors will speedily bear fruit. He will be ashamed to cherish such sentiments.

Many women think it fun to tease their husbands, by idle flirtations and coquetry. Wives do not realize that they are stirring a smouldering fire that may eventually destroy them. Of course, a woman whose husband resents her enjoying the society of other men even when she conducts herself with dignity, is to be pitied, but even in such circumstances, she will find it worth while to avoid stirring up his wrath, even if it seems to her that she is catering to his foolishness.

One young couple, both young and attrac-

tive, were deeply in love. When they went to a party or dance, the young wife always had a great deal of attention for she was liked equally by men and women, while her husband would usually sit in a corner and glower. A friend once said to her: "What's the matter with Jack tonight?"

"Oh," replied the young wife, "I suppose he thinks I am having too good a time." When they returned home Jack would vent his jealousy and pique while she would listen meekly and say nothing. Then the whole matter would be forgotten until the next time.

In such a situation, perfect trust and sympathy are not factors. How different is the attitude of the couple whose faith in each other is inextinguishable! When they mingle with their fellow-beings, their loyalty and dependence upon each other are as plain as light, and as helpful to all who come into their sphere of influence.

We have all seen a woman become alert, brighten, show new interest in the conversation when her husband entered the room. We were aware of that subtle bond between them, felt their attraction almost as palpably as an electric spark. Everything had an added

interest. The woman felt a new zest because HE was there. Previously, her attention and interest were a little feigned and she was more polite than absorbed in the conversation. Now she was sure of response, certain of sympathy, confident that everything she did and said would find sympathetic accord.

The glimpse of such an all-embracing tie, unconsciously revealed, makes the rest of us feel a little lonely and sad at heart. We realize that we have beheld the pure and deep-lying springs that are the source of life's ideal happiness and that nothing else really matters. We know many people who love each other but how many do we know who cannot be happy without the loved one's presence? There is an old saying that "Marriage should not be a question of whether you can live with a person, but whether you can live without him."

Much of the contentment in the relationship will depend upon the motives each had for marrying the other. Women who marry simply to have a home are often not entering matrimony because of an overwhelming love, but because they are looking for something easy. There is a common type of girl who is too indolent to earn her livelihood, and who, if

required to make money, takes the most agreeable way out of the difficulty and lets John do it for her. John may have been fascinated by her sweet smile and gentle voice. He did not guess her tones could become clattering and shrill after the ceremony. He dreamed of a home, too, but since it has been established, he may be seen many a morning hurrying away, coat unbuttoned, gloveless, ill-shaven, as though but one thing mattered—to get away from his “home” as if to ventilate himself from the late squabble.

It is time that girls as well as boys were taught that all honest human beings must pay for what they get, either in money or in service, and anything they get for nothing is either worth just that, or is dishonestly acquired. At the same time, a wise wife will not allow her husband to fall into the error of thinking he “supports” her, when she keeps his house and bears his children. It is her task to teach him that she is a partner, not a dependent.

Wives cannot be unduly critical if they expect to establish harmony in their homes. Two people, old enough to know better, quarreled and entered the divorce court because the wife considered it “not genteel” to take a

chicken bone in one's fingers as her husband persisted in doing. Suppose that her finer sense was disturbed by her spouse's manners, would it not have been more "genteel" to have eaten her portion of the fowl in her own fashion, while he picked his bone, than to have subjected themselves to public ridicule? How much would the husband have sacrificed had he conformed to his wife's code of table etiquette?

Women are sometimes intentionally exacting and over-critical, in order to keep men subservient. They frequently reveal their attitude in the expression: "I should like to take the conceit out of him." Aside from the estranging influence of this petty tyranny, it is most unwise from a selfish point of view. Conceit is just one outward sign of a most desirable mental attribute: self-confidence. It is far more of an asset than a liability in a husband. It is self-confidence that enables men to take chances in the business world, to compete for its prizes. With a generous endowment of this quality, a man can lose nine sales, and come back and make the tenth.

The woman who loves her husband will regard his conceit with maternal indulgence. If he overestimates his abilities to the extent

of injuring his efficiency, she will study to arouse his appreciation of the qualities of his competitors, instead of trying to inspire distrust of his own. Let the young wife remember that it is better to have a conceited husband than one who loses his nerve. Instead of feeling sorry for herself let her apply the psychological principle that we grow into the likeness stamped upon our minds, and hold before her husband's inner eye, the picture of the man she wishes him to be.

We have only begun to realize the power of womankind with her strength for good or for evil, for these powers are exactly proportionate. A woman, consciously or unconsciously, intentionally or unintentionally, influences the men of her circle, and more especially the man she loves. It is very seldom her principles do not become his principles. Though she may be materialistic, if he loves her he will be tempted to get money for her regardless of how he does it. If she believes that truth, and honor, and right dealing with his fellowmen are more than the acquisition of wealth, he likely will be a man to be trusted in his business dealings. Of course, all women want their husbands to "keep within the law," but too few of them

would sacrifice an automobile to have their husbands follow an altruistic principle.

A politician came home to his wife one evening with the startling announcement, "If I vote for that legislation, I know who will give me ten thousand dollars."

His wife looked up quickly from the hat she was retrimming. "Why, who will give you ten thousand dollars, George? Did he really mean it? Did he say so?"

Her husband was surprised at his wife's swift inquiries, for to him the incident of bribery was one to be passed over and forgotten. "Certainly he meant it. But what difference does it make?"

"I don't know . . . I was thinking about a car. You know that big gray one, George? Suppose you voted that way, would you be found out?"

"No, of course not. But it's impossible. It — "

"It wouldn't hurt just once, would it? Think of the trips we could take! And wouldn't Mrs. Guthrie be green with envy when she saw me running it!"

It isn't a pretty story, or a new story. It is just the old tale of a big, boyish man trying to

make his wife's dreams come true. The outcome was inevitable for one of his nature. He consciously stifled his qualms, and voted for the legislation, enacting a sordid drama that is repeated every day. For men can seldom withstand the influence of the woman they love, whether for good or evil. The commonly accepted belief in woman's superior morality inclines the man to acquiesce in anything her conscience allows.

The power of woman in politics is the more incomprehensible because it is so recent. The gaining of woman suffrage in this country is one of the most remarkable of feminine feats ever accomplished. Less than five per cent of the women of this country were actively interested in suffrage. That five per cent with grim determination and stubborn tenacity achieved their purpose. Perhaps they coaxed, flattered, and cajoled; perhaps they employed unremitting toil and tireless energy. However they did it, they forced the legislatures of this nation to adopt woman suffrage and to make it an amendment to our Constitution. The more one thinks of their success the more astounding it becomes. It is now the task before these new voting citizens to turn this political power to account

in matters that concern the improvement of conditions of home life, of education and of moral ideals.

The conviction that it is nobler to be the mother of a large family, than an authority on the latest rules of bridge, a connoisseur on futurist art, or the neighborhood golf champion, must be somehow inculcated in the brain of the American woman. She seems to think that a large family is plebeian and is likely to be encouraged in such a notion by the various forms of half-baked "culture" she is taking up with such zest nowadays.

Wives are too prone to become self-centered, through a dearth of interest. This state of mind commonly results in thinking that their husbands do not understand or appreciate them; that they possess notable qualities to which their spouses are blind or indifferent. It is sometimes true that men fail to appreciate the finest qualities of the women they have married. This may be due to some defect in the man's character, but it is more likely to be a result of the false ideas about women that have come down to us from savagery and the dark ages. Men have not been trained to expect any high virtues in women except those

of chastity and affection, which of course are taken for granted and not made subjects of interested discussion. A woman may know herself to possess the talent for comradeship, a fine sense of honor, courage, genuine intellect instead of ordinary intelligence, and any number of other excellencies, upon which her husband makes no demand at all, simply because his training has taught him to seek these things only among men. One successful wife and mother said that it took her ten years to teach her husband to talk to her, but it was worth all the effort and the heartaches it entailed.

If the husband really prefers a doll or a coquette to a comrade and helpmate, the wife must decide whether her love is sufficient satisfaction to atone for this disprizing of her better self. If it is, she can exercise the talents her husband prefers, and if not, she can take her separate way at once.

Ibsen, in his "Doll's House," portrays the wife, Nora, leaving her husband, Helmer, and their children, to follow out the development of herself as an individual. She says she must first learn how to be a woman before she can fulfil the highest motherhood. Of course the situation is topsy turvy. Nora should not have

attempted motherhood before she had developed as a self-reliant individual. But having become the mother of children for whom she had once chosen to assume responsibility, it is difficult to see how her womanhood could come to any splendid attainment by taking for its first step, the shirking of that responsibility.

Strindberg, in his collection of short stories upon marriage, relates a tale in which a couple came to temporary grief because the wife had read the "Doll's House," and passionately admired Nora. The couple had known unalloyed happiness and had retained the romantic love for each other which they felt in their courtship. Now, when the wife began to imitate the rebellious Nora, the atmosphere of their household became gloomy. Her husband having read the book which had proved a mischief maker, criticized it humorously and justly.

"When Nora finds her husband is a fool," he said, "and decides to leave her children because she is not worthy of bringing them up, she has performed a very clever trick of coquetry. If they have both been fools they should pull well together, in the future, in double harness. Nora has consequently every reason for staying

with her children when she discovers what an imbecile her husband is."

When the half-convinced wife objected that her home with him, like Nora's with Helmer, had been "nothing but a doll's house" the sensible husband replied:

"We have not always been playing. We have had grave hours too. Have we not called into being generations to come? Have we not both bravely worked and striven for the little ones who are to grow into men and women? Have you not faced death bravely four times for their sake? Have you not robbed yourself of nights of rest in order to rock their cradles, and of your day's pleasures in order to care for them? Couldn't we now have a six-room apartment on the Boulevard and a footman to open the door if it were not for the children?"

Too many wives drift into the error of imagining that they have a mission outside of their family mission, and of greater importance, and there are too many restless women writers whose books encourage this recalcitrant attitude. Their ideal wife is a person who might be termed a muddled thinker. Instead of recognizing her obligations, and the fact that as an imperfect creature in an imperfect world,

her business is to make the best of things, as they are, she lets her mind wander from the business in hand to ridiculous adventures in impossible surroundings. No woman's magazine seems complete, nowadays, without its human document entitled, "If I Had Not Married My Husband," or "Why My Married Life Is a Failure." The influence of such literature is far from wholesome.

On the other hand, if women avoid the mistake of believing all men to be brutes, as the questionable magazines and newspapers maintain so vigorously, they are sometimes in danger of holding another view quite as extreme. They convince themselves that the man they marry will prove a Prince Charming, a veritable paragon of all the virtues. There is little need of pointing out that disillusionment is bound to follow.

The other day a bride confided to an older married woman that she had cried more in the first year of her wedded life than in all the years before. The old woman made a frank avowal that such had been her experience also. It is a reaction that seems universal, and when analyzed seems a natural one. It is in those first five years of married life that the wife

readjusts her ideas about her Prince Charming. If she has been a romantic girl and read a vast amount of the "glad" type of fiction she has ignored the truth that men are "only boys grown tall—that hearts don't change much after all."

She is alarmed to find her husband behaving himself very much in the fashion of her little brother—throwing things if he is angry; kicking the chair on which he stubbed his toe; bragging, exaggerating, sulking; becoming irritable because his stomach is empty. Unquestionably these are not attributes of a Prince Charming. They are the earthly, human, ordinary attributes of a grown-up boy and the sooner a wife accepts her husband as such the more contented she will be. She will not expect him to embody the flower of romance or the perfection of chivalry. She will not deplore the fact that his features are not classic nor his manners beyond reproach. She would find, in fact, that life would prove unbearably stupid if lived with the hero of a popular novel. Wives need to abandon this common tendency to idealize existence. Instead of seeking to travel the flowery borders of its pathway they must reconcile themselves to take the middle of a rough, ungraded road.

If they must keep some ideal before them let them take for a pattern the sturdy, companionable woman who likes work for the sake of working and an uphill journey for the sake of the climb. Let us have a type of woman, head high, strong, brave-hearted, not afraid to soil her hands, not afraid of the big things of life—passion, death, love, sacrifice, toil, birth, parenthood. Let her look life in the face, and clasping hands with her mate, let them “march, breast forward, never doubting clouds will break.” Let us have fewer puny imitators of salamanders and vampires, fewer flat-chested women, who believe the important things to be lingerie, coquetry, flirtations, adulation, plucked eye-brows, enameled fingernails and the other pinchbeck paraphernalia of that third modern gender, the restless sex!

Some woman will probably protest just here that women are as they are because men prefer them so, and this opinion is partly true. It is one of George Eliot's characters who remarked: “I'm not denyin' that women are foolish; the Lord Almighty made them to match the men.” In times past men have been the dictators of human customs, even those of women's dress, but this is the time of equality, and now is the

chance for women to set their own standards. The men will protest, and cry that the structure of civilization is toppling, but nothing woman has ever done has made her unattractive to man, once all women did it. The lure of sex has survived the veil, co-education, suffrage, not to mention hoop-skirts, bustles and all the horrors of fashion. It will survive companionship also.

CHAPTER IV

COMPANIONSHIP

The wife who became a bride fifty summers ago can reflect serenely upon those years of readjustment, which passed before she became reconciled to the substitution of a matter-of-fact, unexpressed devotion for the exuberant exotic passion of courtship days. Age has taught her that men love differently at different periods of their lives. The old gentleman—though he is as silent today as he was profuse years ago, in his protestations of love—has a very comfortable feeling of satisfaction as he watches, amidst her household duties, this capable, trudging little woman, who for fifty years has stood by and carried on. They will tell the newspaper reporter who is to record their golden anniversary that theirs has been a successful marriage. But they will find themselves inarticulate when they come to explain why.

They know in their hearts that companionship rather than turbulent love has kept them contented with their relationship. They love each other, yes, but had they not built upon

a firm foundation of similar tastes and an unwavering congeniality of mood, their love would have toppled and fallen like a frail dwelling when floods sweep down upon it.

Their affection was grounded firmly on common likes and has been built up by association through the varied years. It has come at last to resemble the love of which Shakespeare writes,

“It is an ever-fixed mark
Which looks on tempests and is never
shaken.”

The kind of love that Shakespeare had in mind must have been based on this unwavering comradeship or he could never have described it in such unconditioned terms—

“Love’s not Time’s fool, though rosy lips and
cheeks

Within his wandering sickle’s compass come,
Love alters not with his brief hours and
weeks,

But bears it out until the edge of doom.

If this be error and upon me proved
I never writ nor no man ever loved.”

Passion and fascination are like intermittent

fevers, or rather, they are the "dark flowers" of which Galsworthy writes. They do not last if they have no root in the common soil of everyday living. Though often of rare and compelling beauty, they are also frequently exotic and sinister in their loveliness, like those strange tropical plants, whose touch is death, and whose gorgeous blossoms distil a poison fragrance. We read with awe of such great lovers as Paolo and Francesca, or Tristram and Iseult, but surely it is permissible to wonder if they would have lived happily together for fifty years or even fifteen.

Outstanding examples of successful marriages show invariably that companionship is the one unfailing factor. Robert and Elizabeth Browning had a tie of kinship in their work. Their work gave to the world the beautiful sonnets from the Portuguese. Their interest in their writing was as consuming as their interest in each other. It is impossible to conceive of a more inspiring partnership. No jealousy of each other's ambition could enter in, because that ambition was identical.

Marriage must mean an alliance. Try as men and women may to change the significance of the relationship, they cannot seem to alter

its first demand—that they live a common life and share a common fortune. Surely if they understood the joy of being equal comrades through storm and sunny weather they would scarcely struggle longer to amend or revise the constitution of matrimony.

Admittedly, most men and women will have to change their views of sex before they can open their minds to the possibilities of companionship. A man who is firmly convinced of a woman's inherent weakness and inferiority can hope to gain from her society only what he expects. A woman who has been taught that all men are brutes who would seek to enslave her for the purposes of passion, will have to slough off more than one superstition before she can fully understand the mental background of the male.

But when a young couple have actually torn off that old fabric of custom, and code, and doctrine which swaddled them, how clear and fresh is the air which they have freed themselves to breathe! For a beginning, the best thing they can do is to read "Love's Coming of Age," by Carpenter, a book written years ago and suppressed because it was thought too startling in its conceptions of the holy

state of matrimony. It flouts the old beliefs based on fetish-worship and sets sane, wholesome philosophies in their place.

It is invaluable for a man and a woman to work these things out for themselves before marriage. Let them argue the questions of eugenics, sex, birth, and parenthood before they take the final step. It is absolutely necessary for them to be in accord on the fundamental topics of life, or at least to know each other to be open-minded and ready for conviction. How can a woman hope to live happily with a man if she believes in unconventionality and he is prejudiced against any transgression of the existing codes? Or if he desires to subordinate his whole set of ambiguous aims to a serious ambition, while she is hopelessly frivolous and unsympathetic with his work? Or if he thinks normal passion natural, healthful and sane, while she shrinks even from the thought of it as something dark, evil and obscene?

These important views should be discussed before marriage. The more candid and unveiled these conversations become, the better. The couples who seek through argument to convince each other of the points on which

they differ will discover new worlds of thought opening to them. In these months of talk on vital topics they will think more deeply and clearly than ever before in their lives. They will broaden themselves by seeking to understand and verify the views of an opposite sex.

After marriage, they will be spared misunderstanding and the agonizing effort for adjustment to unexpected demands. They are reasonably sure that their alliance has been made on a rational basis, not the erratic foundation of chance fascination. Wishing to be mated mentally as well as physically, they have made a sensible beginning for the achievement of that purpose. Their selection has not been casual, but made with care and discrimination.

Now, when they find themselves together, what vistas of enjoyment open out before them! If they are fond of reading they discover the added pleasure of reading with someone who appreciates the choice bits that one alone cannot enjoy. They are astonished to find what vast amusement they are afforded by the choice of furniture, of hangings, and even clothes. The slightest purchase becomes one of great moment because each is watching the other work out his individuality. Features

of household machinery that bored them in their old homes, because their parents had made the final decisions, loom as weighty and interesting, because they have the last word now—young lords of all they survey.

If they are healthy young people, each has his favorite sport. How pleasant it is, then, to have a new comrade to take golfing or swimming. They initiate each other into pet hobbies. Each takes up the cudgel for the other's likes and dislikes against the whole world. He feels that her prejudice against raisin pie should really influence the whole city against that abominable pastry! She cannot understand how any reasoning being can enjoy tennis, since he hates it.

They show each other favorite haunts and take long hikes together. He teaches her stray bits of wood-lore, biology, and science that he has picked up. She passes on her knowledge of flowers, of camp-cookery and hygiene. They learn that each has a fund of facts and fancies unguessed before. Each is delighted to see his own storehouse growing more rich, just as if the new companion had brought a number of jewels needed to complete a valuable collection.

In the little home they have furnished with so much care together, they try daily to make their surroundings more livable and more artistic. They find themselves delving into new aspects of interior decoration, the study of food values, the efficiency of the budget system, effective dressing, right living, the analysis of their neighbor's opinions.

If they are in perfect accord they always want to do the same thing at the same time. In the rare instances when they are not in agreement they compromise just as good friends do. They are, in short, good friends in the best sense of the word. They not only love each other, but, what is often more important, they like each other.

They become so co-ordinated in opinions, customs, and emotions that in society they are always conscious of their alliance. It is always they two against the world. If the wife had an ambition (as Mrs. Browning had) which is identical with her husband's, so much the better. That similar purpose will bind them inseparably, but in any case, the girl will find herself interested, despite herself, in her husband's business just as she is interested in any friend's aims and dreams. He talks of it to

her so much that she lives in it almost as much as he does. She often brings to it a fresh point of view that helps him immeasurably. They allow themselves the indulgence of bragging a little to each other, for it is necessary for every human being to have someone to whom he can boast. When they were small their mothers, very likely, took the role of confidante and listener. They were never afraid that she would interpret their youthful confidence as insufferable conceit. And now husband and wife become listener and orator in turn, always certain that their words will not be misinterpreted as egotism, feeling the increased power and buoyancy that describing one's hopes and aspirations always gives.

Everything becomes subordinated to their joyous companionship. They feel that even disaster could not become a wedge that would thrust them apart. They are bound together by the sharing of innumerable little experiences of daily life. They confide everything to each other, keep no longings, no doubts of purposes hidden from the other. Even their personal articles of toilet and apparel take on a warm familiarity. The furniture they share, their books and gifts, their lawn and

veranda—all are constant reminders of the partnership.

Their little intimacies are sacred. The constant presence of a mate who is also a boon companion, leaves no need for giving confidences to any outsider on personal matters. There is nothing they cannot talk about and consequently their conversations are unlimited, bringing in stray bits of philosophy and science to explain the more personal phenomena of their private emotions and sensations. Their conception of sex is the same, and they regulate their intercourse frankly according to their moods. As Carpenter describes it, the body of one becomes as dear to the other as his own.

Such a companionship is rare in this world of restlessness and disappointment. It should not be. It need not be. No grand passion is required, no ideal disposition, no tremendous resolve to sacrifice. In fact, those who prove the best comrades are agreed that the chief thing needful is that both be very human, fun loving, sensible young people, rather selfish in their determination to be happy.

Happy companionship requires three things: similar tastes, dispositions that make the two desire to do the same thing at the same time,

and absolute sincerity, either natural or developed. With these the relation will take care of itself, and will bring the best that human life possesses. In it they will find the fulfillment of their unrealized dreams of the past. Such a "beautiful friendship tried by sun and rain, and durable from the dust of daily life," is the atmosphere in which the married couple will develop the best of each individual character.

Perhaps we see this type of comradeship between one man and another oftener than we see it between women. What can be more charming than the friendship of two old men who have known each other from boyhood, sharing all their pastimes and endeavors through manhood until old age? Everyone admires that spirit of good fellowship and deep regard for each other which they have carried through the years. They still hunt and fish together and enjoy many a pipe, reliving boyhood days. They play game after game of checkers, wrangling and arguing as if they were sworn enemies. These two old cronies who have spent their lives exchanging joys and pleasures have passed through discussions and disagreements on every topic without weakening their tie of comrade-

ship in the slightest degree. They have retained some fundamental basis for their affection that is not touched by the superficial quarrel of the moment. After fighting as though they were deadly opponents, the next instant they are smiling in each other's eyes with the spirit of friendship which is never shaken. Though sarcastic and bitter in their repartee, out of each other's presence they are only loyal and kindly. Each has a generosity for the other's shortcomings which is strengthened by their bickerings and arguments.

A man and woman entering into the alliance of marriage should plan and work for this sort of companionship. No matter what the disagreement or controversy, it should not be regarded as having weight to shake the real bond between them. Stevenson, whose married life exemplified this ideal companionship, warns us over and over again that we keep the comradeship of love only by unceasing effort. He uses the figure of two wrestlers, for love develops in friendly bouts. Singly and together the pair must guard against the attacks of doubt and misgiving, so that this comradely wrestle is free from dissension which would transform it into a deadly combat. The

unity of their spirit will finally become so strong that, when the closing chapters of their life together are revealed, they find only peace and contentment written by the indelible inscriptions of fate. As they have lived together, so they are content, at last, to leave the world together, satisfied in the completion of a unified existence.

CHAPTER V

LOVE

If it were in the power of any person to define love adequately, and to understand its myriad manifestations, that being would have solved all the riddles of the universe. Among all the theories of the origin of life and matter, which theologians and philosophers have evolved, the Hebrew has given us the only one that remains unassailable, when he declares that the power that called creation out of chaos is Love. Since the highest product of this creation is man, he is the instrument through which love operates most effectively.

As love is the origin of life and the force which maintains it, it is the embodiment of strength and power. Its purpose is the perfection of its own expression—life, and to that end, it is continually combating the weaknesses that are the enemies of life, while humanity continually fights against love. For in human blindness man fears the domination of love, seeing in it the loss of his cherished idols. So it comes to pass that in efforts to hold phantoms of pleasure, man fails to grasp the

joy that is life itself. In comparison with the attainment of the crown of life—love incarnate, the sacrifice of all the world can give, even of physical life itself, is not worthy to be considered.

Love, then, is not a mild emotion which we may use as we list, but the august and mighty power through which we live, and move, and have our being; the power that drives us inexorably to the fulfillment of its purpose, Life. Achievement, success and progress are but forms of its expression and are possible only through the all-pervading might of its spirit.

This is love in its universal application, considered as an abstract principle. What man understands by love is the operation of this creative force through his own personality. Thus his idea of it will be largely a revelation of himself.

We find the view of civilized man expressed by "Parthenia," who describes it to "Ingomar" in the play of that name. "Parthenia" had been captured and held as a hostage by a tribe of barbarians of which "Ingomar" was the chief. Although he fell in love with her he had no conception of love as this beautiful Athenian woman understood the emotion.

When, in his passion, he endeavored to embrace her she remonstrated with him.

"Our people hold," she said, "that such conduct is permissible only in the case of love."

"Ingomar's" untutored heart was deeply perplexed by the strange word and he begged her to explain its meaning. "Parthenia" replied:

"What love is, if thou wouldst be taught
Thy heart must teach, alone—
Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.
And whence comes love? Like morning's
light
Love comes without thy call,
And whence dies love? A spirit bright
Love never dies at all!"

Every person in the civilized world has ideas about love. Everyone has at some time or other praised or denounced it. But it is surprising how little truth men have told about it. The trouble is that prosaic people seldom record their thoughts on this universal subject. They leave it to the poets, but a compilation of all the poems on love would not constitute a practical handbook for lovers.

In short much that is written on ideal love proves quite harmful to young people. It often has the effect of drawing these youthful dreamers into a realm of unreality where they await the advent of a prince or princess with whom they expect to enter the Land of Perfect Bliss.

Perfect love is seldom experienced, because love's human instruments are so far from the ideal. The selfish can love only superficially; the sentimental vainly wait for a magic experience which can never be theirs, because they are blind to the marvel of everyday life.

It would be more beneficial to impress upon youth that marriage can be founded upon common sense where there is real companionship and a strong liking for one another; and that they can safely enter into a union in which this quiet affection exists. Let them be assured that often this relationship grows into a deeper, more lasting attachment than romantic love, founded on nonsense. Young people should use common sense in their conceptions of love and not allow passion to obliterate judgment, or to weaken their power to make and abide by wise decisions. It is folly for them to allow love

to lead them into marriages which all the dictates of reason would warn against.

Let them consider a hypothetical case. Suppose a young girl who has had every want supplied all her life, falls in love with an attractive man. He has poor health, no income, and lacks every opportunity for success. Is it not the sentimental thing, rather than the wise thing for the girl to let herself be blinded by passionate love for this man? If she is a normal, healthy girl, she loves outdoor sports in which he cannot participate. They stand in continual danger of bankruptcy resulting from the heavy expense of illness. Their children may have tendencies to organic weaknesses. Before she goes on into the relationship she must consider whether her love can stand tests as severe as these.

Of course people are little likely to stop for considerations of prudence when they are in the grip of emotion. While love has some substantial qualities, it is still of so dreamy and imaginative a nature as to blind the visions, ruin prospects and lead to irrational decisions which bring only a temporary period of happiness at best. Just as any other emotion should be guided, so love can be directed into benefi-

cial channels. In a matter of choice, a sensible human being should be governed by the pain-and-pleasure philosophy.

Happiness is not an independent quality, like wealth or fame, but is the more valuable by-product of all effort or attainment. So we find many people who deny that it is the goal of mankind. They are both right and wrong. Sacrifice, service, labor, humanism and all the noble isms, are valuable because they make for true happiness, and they make for happiness because they are valuable. Let us not evade the fact that we are all seeking returns of pleasure and comfort. Why should love be separated from these material returns as if it had no actual share in common, everyday existence? Let young people admit that they wish to choose advantageous partners for marriage. It is only fair to love, itself, that they give it a fighting chance to survive after the tinsel and romance have disappeared.

Every human being owes it to himself voluntarily to seek a life companion who will aid him in attaining splendid development. After a man and a woman have lived together for a period and the glamor and sentiment gives way to the hard, cold facts of life, their

love will either settle into comradely affection, or fly away entirely, leaving them the empty shell of disappointment. At this critical period, they will have an infinitely better chance of a happy readjustment of their relationship in a comfortable home, supported by an adequate income, than in one where the bleakness of poverty embitters the grief for lost romance.

We need more common sense in our view of the marriage relation—common sense which enables its possessor to meet the difficulties and responsibilities of life sanely and wholesomely. He who idealizes life leads himself to believe that human beings are perfect. Expecting perfection in a loved one, he moves on inevitably to disappointment and when the character of an individual is not developed to meet these disappointments philosophically, he is apt to wake up to find his life ruined.

Each experience of courtship stands by itself and should be enjoyed to the limit of all the sweetness in it, but when once brought to an end, should be regarded as a delightful, but an ended chapter.

The same attitude that existed in courtship must not be expected in marriage. Conjugal and romantic love are very different. A woman

must not expect a man to persist in the pleasant follies of his wooing, however agreeable they may have been. Brooding upon the change, she must not conclude that she has been disappointed in love. The sudden passions of love are like any other sudden changes of our lives. We are not qualified to meet them, and not being qualified to meet them, we are not educated to sustain them. They are so out of the ordinary and so surprising in their nature, that we cannot live up to the situation. The love which grows with time, regardless of conditions and eventually survives, takes its due and expects little.

It is advisable for young people to marry even when they feel that they are not madly in love. It is better to have married and lost than never to have married at all. If a couple are congenial and companionable, if they enjoy each other's society, marriage will naturally bring them closer together and their community of interest encompasses all their hopes. The text of the old colored preacher is apropos: "Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall not be disappointed."

To be sure, few would be so foolish as to deny that one of the most beautiful things in

life is that instinct which moves a man and woman to choose each other from the whole world; which prompts them to pledge themselves to love, honor and cherish each other so long as both shall live. The whole fault lies in a too romantic interpretation of that pledge. Let them analyze their vow.

To LOVE: This phrase implies that they feel a reasonable amount of affection as a beginning; that they are determined to overlook a great many irritating faults in each other's characters; that they want a common home so much that they are willing to make a few sacrifices for that purpose; that they expect to give birth to children and then continue to sacrifice for helpless little ones.

To HONOR: This phrase pledges them to respect one another's opinions; to forego criticism, preferably between themselves but in all events among others; to scorn meanness; to esteem each other's character; to carry out their lives in accordance with a mutual code.

To CHERISH: To cherish means to emphasize a particular quality of their love—that quality which makes it possible to hold dear and treat tenderly an object of affection however unlovely or undeserving that object may

become. Oldness, mediocrity, ugliness or frailty have no importance to one who cherishes. The pair who swear to cherish have signified that they recognize an intrinsic value in each other which is inherent, real, genuine.

Perhaps if the romanticists first analyzed the marriage service in this fashion they would substitute still vaguer clauses. As it is, they suffer such mental indigestion over "obey" that most of them insist on the elimination of this harsh, uncompromising word.

Love is no easy taskmaster. It demands a rigid conformity to its principles in all its dealings with human principles just as Divine Love does in its dealings with the universe. As disease ruins the body, weakness ruins the home. When weakness becomes incurable, it demands eradication. The elements of dissension constitute a part which weakens the whole. Love requires obedience to the laws of peace and order in the home as well as in the nation.

As the death of alien forces is necessary for the good of the country, so they seem necessary for the good of the home. As love is the principle of development and progress so hate is the opposite and must be destroyed. As love

is for good, hate is for evil and hate manifests itself in evil acts, in disorder, in disarranging society. The agents of evil must of necessity be destroyed for the elevation and the domination of love—the ultimate purpose.

Love is simple. If civilization destroys simplicity, civilization destroys the progress of the race. Complex conditions must be supplanted by simplicity which brings true old fashioned honesty.

No action of individual or society is too radical provided good may come; hence divorce is right when the offense destroys the purity of the home and ruins its happiness. Tenderness has often the unfortunate quality of increasing weakness. Cruelty is permissible in regard to sin. Why forgive the sin which weakens and delays the accomplishment of the good?

True love follows in the strict line of duty, demanding of each individual conduct conducive to happiness for all. Love is not a negative quality. It does not compromise with conditions destructive of family peace. It will not compromise with discord but demands its manifestation of truth, loyalty and noble conduct.

CHAPTER VI

SYMPATHY

Remember there is power in thought. In marriage, suggestion looms as a vital force. In its close association the thoughts each entertains impress the other, and in unconscious response, their spirits mutually reflect each other. If thoughts are agreeable, pleasant and loving, the response is instinctively in like mood; if critical, unkind, antagonistic, they respond in kind. From an antagonistic thought we can expect an antagonistic action. Harboring such thoughts is like blowing soap bubbles. They grow in force until they shatter the rainbow-tinted sphere into which we direct them.

The most trivial circumstance may induce a mood of resentment. Indeed the feeling and the irritant that produced it may lie hidden in our subconscious mind, but all that is not good in us hastens to increase the resentment, until presently it is no longer subconscious. It finds justification. It grows a hundred times its original size.

In so close a relation as that of marriage, it is no more possible to conceal a state of mind

than a facial expression. The cleverest actor cannot long make counterfeit emotions convincing. The ideally sympathetic bond makes each free to express his feelings with full sincerity because he is confident of being understood.

A man and a woman who have attained this ideal sympathy are often startled at its manifestations. Their thoughts flow in channels so parallel that the courses of their ideas seem almost to become one. They apprehend each other's moods by countless indefinite indications they can hardly name. Their mental states are as delicately attuned as sensitive stringed instruments on which their various moods are trained to play. It is easy for them to make of each other the kind of life partners they desire. If a husband assures a wife that she has the sweetest disposition in the world, she is reluctant to disappoint him with an exhibition of ill temper. If he constantly remarks on her pessimism, her evidences of sourness become more frequent. Likewise, the ideal she holds before him serves as a goal towards which he strives.

Every man bears in mind an image of the person he might have been. An artist once

called a man into his studio and said, "Years ago you came to this town a stranger. None of us knew anything of your past and you confided in no one. You have discouraged friendships and repelled all our advances. Here is a picture I have conjured from imagination of the man you could be if you responded to the love and faith and beauty in life."

The artist unveiled a portrait that was a likeness, yet an unlikeness, for the face was transfigured by the glowing charm of kindliness. As the man gazed, his countenance reflected the radiant spirit of the portrait. "I can be that," he exclaimed. "I will be that!" Hurriedly he left the studio, with confidence in every step, and took up his life resolving to be the prototype of the artist's masterpiece. It was not long before everyone remarked the miracle that had been wrought in his disposition.

Through sympathy, the artist had helped the other man to attain his ideal. Every wife can paint for her husband just such an idealistic conception of his character. Through her responsiveness and inspiration he is able to keep his goal in sight. He holds it subconsciously in mind during every hour of his busy day, while he is matching wits with his rivals

and associates, in the struggle for which she is the motive, for to him the highest value of success lies in what it may add to her happiness. His hours of leisure spent in her presence renew the vision of the self he desires to become. Plans become clear and hopes are lured into the realm of possibilities in the inspiration of her intelligent sympathy as he discusses matters with her.

It is the business of the world to appraise us for what we are, but it is the happy privilege of love to rate us at our highest possible value. And, "so nigh is grandeur to our dust," we straightway begin to live up to the rating. So the woman who listens understandingly to her husband, and cheers him with her confidence in his uncommon capabilities performs an invaluable service. If she puts her mind to the task of listening to his dreams and ambitions with intelligence, as well as admiration and interest, she will furnish him with a powerful incentive to achievement. He has not only her gratification in his success to look forward to, but the present delight of sharing the game. Such sympathy encourages the unfolding of one's dearest desired and innermost feelings. Real sympathy must be mutual, so the wife

will naturally seek her husband's advice and opinion on matters of their common life. She may feel that he knows little about it, but that is an added reason for bringing it to his mind, and moreover it will please him to be consulted—just as it does her.

It costs little to say a few kind words, to make a few complimentary remarks. Yet the results are incalculable. The husband who tells his wife that she is "a brave little brick," makes her as happy as though he had bestowed millions on her; and the wife who impresses her husband with the fact that he is usually right, that his ideas are original and worth quoting, will make of him a devoted husband. Every little kindness in marriage is remembered and its returns are manifold. A woman responds to praise as a flower unfolds to the sun. She uses every effort to please her husband and is thrilled with his good judgment in appreciating her.

Two natures in perfect accord feel intuitively when a mood will prove jarring or when it will strike harmoniously. Too many couples, either from lack of this intuition or from perversity, fail to enter into each other's frame of mind.

The boyishly impulsive man, who is really just a grown-up youngster, finds his spontaneity quenched when he encounters coldness. He dashes home from the office stimulated by his brisk walk and filled with the joy of living. Pell-mell he slams through the house in search of his wife, almost bursting with the news of an unexpected bonus and ready to surprise her with the theatre tickets in his pocket.

He seizes her with rough tenderness and starts playfully to swing her from her feet. She draws back with an attitude of aloofness. Her coldness is like a dash of ice water on his warm gaiety.

"I have asked you so many times not to slam the door," she begins frostily. "This is a home, not a barn where people tumble in any old way, laughing and whooping." Dejectedly he turns aside. The bottom has dropped from his happiness. He has met an unsympathetic mood that turns it all to bitter dullness. He suddenly feels tired; he forgets to tell her of the bonus. When he mentions the theatre she replies with quiet insinuation that she never has anything to wear. They remain home, bored with each other and with the world.

Wives meet the same lack of response in

their husbands. A woman's life as mother, wife and homemaker, must necessarily deal with events smaller and more trifling than those which enter a man's life. Her conversation often centers about topics that seem in themselves trivial—little descriptions of the latest hats, Mrs. Jones' gowns, a new recipe, or the remark a caller made. The wise husband will be an interested audience to these light narratives, catching the spirit of his wife's enthusiasm and enjoying the bright spots with her. She finds it a tragic occurrence when her husband is so tactless and practical as to drag her down with a jerk in the midst of her gay conversation, to the plain beef-steak-and-boiled-potato existence which married life can so easily become. She knows well enough that the coffee is all out, that the check for the gas must be sent in order to get the benefit of the twenty-one per cent discount and that unless the coal is delivered in the morning there will be scarcely enough to pull through the day. She realizes these petty affairs of the house and will likely neglect none of them. Why must her husband discuss the plain, prosaic things of everyday existence, while she is recounting little diversions which have come to them since they

were married? Lack of sympathy is the answer.

There will be some nights when the husband is greeted by a wife who is utterly disheartened by the many small, troublesome things that can happen during one day of homemaking. Two hours of labor in making a chocolate cake ended in naught when it fell flat and the icing turned sticky. The children, too, had been unusually troublesome. Johnny had gone without his rubbers, and had been sneezing ever since; Billy had been so noisy that the baby did not get her nap and was cross all afternoon. Let the husband remember, then, that while such affairs may seem miserably trifling, if he wishes to hold his wife's love he must shower her with words of comfort, and let her know he still loves her. Above all, he must sympathize with her, and in a remarkably short time, life which has taken on a dreamy, gray, bedraggled appearance, will once again look bright and rosy and the day is saved. Through the bond of sympathy, the small matters of everyday life become factors of a successful marriage.

Once in a long, long time a wife or a husband may bring to the other the tale of the day's petty vexations, but no habit is more deadly

than that of recounting small grievances. Few men greet their wives with the tale of the stenographer's spelling, the office boy's stupidity and the janitor's incivility. Of course the cases are not quite parallel, since the home is something for which the man voluntarily assumed joint responsibility, and Johnny is his father's as well as his mother's son. But let the wise wife recognize that guiding the house is her job. If she expects her husband to enjoy his hours in their home, she must exercise wisdom and self-reliance in delegating responsibility for it to him, and not merely pass over the burden of her domestic inefficiencies.

If the husband is a lover of golf, his wife should not bemoan her fate and call herself a "golf widow," censuring him for his love of a little play. Surely no woman wants her husband's life from the moment he enters into matrimony to be one of drudgery. While he plays golf she should neglect a few of her fancied duties and play with him. He appreciates her interest in his pet game far more than her staying home to attend to some unnecessary household affair. When she can't play golf with him, she might talk to him to his heart's content, proving her competence to give interesting

comments on the subject. If he is fond of baseball, let her post herself on the game by reading the sporting sheet until she can talk baseball almost as well as a man. A husband appreciates sympathy in his playtime quite as much as in his more serious hours. While he enjoys his sports, she enjoys hers, and each sympathizes with the other, until pet aversions are transformed into common hobbies.

Without common interests, it is difficult for a couple to preserve sympathy for their differing points of view. When their varying ideas are mutually accepted in a spirit of tolerance and generosity, a man and wife bring out the best in each other, and conversely, an atmosphere of antagonism reveals them at their worst. If they permit small disagreements to cause friction, they will be surprised to see how quickly they become alienated. It is as if two people who dreamed of walking hand in hand should at last awake and find themselves separated by an impassable chasm.

An unexplained situation grows more acute and less endurable every moment that its cause is ignored. It is a veritable thorn in the flesh. It festers and gives rise to further misunderstandings. There is only one solution—to have

it out just as you would extract the thorn with a pair of deft tweezers. Too many couples fear to apply the tweezers, dreading one moment of intense pain to a hundred dull aches. If they were not afraid to explain their injury, what they thought, and why they thought it, they would be surprised to find that ninety per cent of it is imagination and the other ten per cent ill temper.

The husband finds the wife had no unkind intention. He is convinced she did not intend to be disagreeable. She realizes he did not mean to hurt her feelings. The whole problem was directly traceable to the rarebit they ate at a late hour the night before. They admit they were out of sorts! It was merely a matter of digestion, or lack of it! Each misunderstanding should be a stepping stone in the progress of the relationship.

Robert was a sober, well-meaning fellow of the type who sets the alarm at a certain time every night and rises every morning at the first clangor. He was generous, pleasant to meet, the sort of chap who has no glaring shortcomings. When he married Estelle, everybody spoke with approbation of his good qualities as well as those of his young wife, for she was

charming and sensible. Indeed, how could they quarrel?

But they did. The whole matter was disappointingly trivial. Being, as her worst enemies admitted, extremely sensible, she sat down in the gloomy room she had engaged at an expensive hotel and thought over all the details of the ridiculous incident.

For the first ten mornings she had hung up Robert's pajamas after he left the apartment. On the eleventh morning she put them on the floor of the closet. That night, when he discovered them in rumpled ignominy, he said, "What are my pajamas doing here?"

"You forgot to hang them up," replied Estelle, serenely.

"I thought you would hang them up," he said.

"I thought you would," said she. And she changed the subject, flattering herself that many an old married woman could take lessons from her in tact and cleverness.

Then, behold—cataclysm! On the twelfth morning she found pajamas of masculine gender thrown, defiantly, she thought, across the bed. When Robert found them that night exactly where he had left them, he muttered something about "forgot 'em again."

"You didn't," cried Estelle, with intensity of feeling. "You know that is an untruth! You meant to put them there to annoy me."

"Do you accuse me of lying to you?" demanded Robert, suddenly grown white. "More than once you've questioned my word this way. I remember how—"

"If you weren't happy with me why did you pretend—"

"There it goes again! Forever doubting me—"

"I won't stay here to be abused!"
So there she sat in the little hotel room rehearsing the miserable scene. Calmly analytical now, she saw that she had been at fault in: (a) trying to discipline Robert as if he were seven instead of twenty-seven; (b) doubting his word when he said he forgot; (c) interpreting his arguments as abuse.

She saw that Robert was at fault in: (a) being untidy; (b) forgetting her wishes as if he were seven instead of twenty-seven; (c) bringing up instances from the past to prove an assumption in the present.

When she realized there were exactly three counts against each of them, Estelle realized that instead of one of the principals in a tragedy, she was merely a party to a good joke. She

promptly returned home and shared her discovery with Robert. When two people acknowledge an equal number of bad marks there is nothing for it but to admit both are culprits. One culprit cannot judge another. And furthermore they made the astonishing discovery that in nearly every past instance they had been co-sinners.

On the thirteenth morning, when Robert made a great ceremony of hanging up his pajamas, they both laughed immoderately. They had never been closer. The pajama incident was the dearest joke they shared. In moments of disagreements they had only to mention it—"Remember the paj—" and they proceeded swiftly to chalk up black marks. It came to be that the one who was quite obviously in the right felt virtue a burden and invented black marks to make it even. Thus they turned their first quarrel into a stepping stone for avoiding difficulty in the future.

If you are pitying yourself for being married to your husband, just remember that he is also married to you. It is no small matter for two individuals to bind their characters, intellects, and personalities into a unity strong enough to glide harmoniously through the

course of life's troubles. It should be understood that that problem must be met with a determination to bring about this unity as quickly as possible.

By the practice of diplomacy and tact, husbands and wives can avoid irritating each other by discordant moods. Nothing will more quickly produce an inharmonious atmosphere than for one to become unnecessarily frivolous when the other is serious. Nobody is more exasperating than the person who laughs at the wrong moment.

A husband who had been intending for several weeks to buy a car, came home one night with the news that he had purchased a second-hand machine. His wife had set her heart upon a model on display downtown. "You'll be sorry, for there's sure to be something wrong with it," she said.

"Trust your old man to know a bargain," he replied in his most positive tone. After dinner, with her hat and coat on, the wife waited for her husband to bring the car up the driveway. He got in. The self-starter refused to work. Again and again he tried it with no success. He climbed out, seized the crank, and went to work in earnest. Several

neighbors gathered around him, offering advice and receiving scant attention. His wife tried to look unconscious of his discomfiture. After an hour and a half of vain effort, he came in to 'phone for a repairman.

"Too bad, dear," murmured his wife, her hand resting lightly on his arm—"I'm so sorry!" Then suddenly she laughed.

He growled like a wounded bear, and slammed the door behind him. It was two weeks before he spoke to her. And she waited five years before he purchased another car.

Anyone willing to take the necessary trouble to achieve marital happiness must keep his faculties alert to discover the key to the moods of his life companion. Two strangers engaging in conversation study each other and suit their attitudes accordingly. How much more, then, must it be the desire of two intimates to make their temperaments so flexible that perfect communion and sympathy may be attained.

Those deeply in love are apt to be too vulnerable, too sensitive. The smallest hint of disapproval or unkindness from the loved one is apt to sting more deeply than anything else in the world. The best course is to overlook a slight and go along in the same old way.

The wounded person should force himself to forget every unpleasant occurrence of the preceding day, and should resolutely turn his attention from his own feelings. Lack of consideration for personal idiosyncracies has caused the failure of more marriages than has infraction of the moral law. Stubbornness, ill nature, and the desire to make the other yield have grown and grown until a husband and a wife seek the divorce court, although their quarrel had its inception in some slight, ridiculous occurrence that is almost laughable. However trivial the origin, these moments are critical for the married couple. The outcome depends upon the power of sympathy which the pair have developed, singly or together. Let the aggrieved ones remember that they did not marry to think and live exactly as they would have done alone, but to make a common life that should be neither his nor hers, but theirs. While it is true that marriage is like a toy bank, and one gets out of it just what he puts in, a successful union is much more like a fortunate investment which increases many fold all that is sunk into it. Sympathy will not only yield satisfying returns on itself, but will multiply the value of every asset of married life.

CHAPTER VII

GOOD HUMOR

He is often the greatest optimist who reflects that most human relations are a sorry tangle, that everyone is bound, at some time, to blunder and to be betrayed. The idealist (in the common usage of the word) expects too much from life. In reality, life is an old rascal without much consistency. If he guesses that we believe ourselves to be basking in his smile he is likely to change our views rather suddenly.

It is especially desirable for a married couple to form a philosophy adequate to keep their humor at an even temperature. Good temper is all a matter of attitude. The person who has a pleasant disposition is merely one who magnifies his fortune and belittles misfortune.

We are all prone to take life too seriously, because we constantly mistake phases for finalities. We vex our souls over external conditions and miss the happiness that is ours for the taking, in worrying over what our neighbors, our circle of friends, or our world will say. No one ever overtook either happiness or success who placed the approval of outsiders above that of

his own soul. The essential thing is to realize that while no man may choose all that life shall bring to him, it is in the power of every one to determine in what spirit he shall meet the challenge of each experience.

Life is made up of a certain number of failures. It would be impossible to advance without them. Everybody has failed at some time but the rising above failure because of ability to forget is the important feature of the fall. If anything unpleasant or discouraging occurs, it is imperative to resolve immediately and unconditionally to ignore it.

In the apt doggerel of Mr. Edmund Vance Cook,

“Death comes with a crawl, or he comes
with a pounce,

But whether he's slow or spry

It isn't the fact that you're dead that
counts

But only, how did you die?”

Men, great and small, mediocre and remarkable, platitudinous and brilliant, have mused on the desirability of learning how to come up smiling. We have it in the humble parlance of the Benztown Bard:

“How did you act when the blow came down?

How did you do when the truth rang home?
Did you weep and struggle or curse and frown,
Or raise your hands to the far blue dome?"

There are plenty of good things in this world, or at least, most bad ones can be converted into better. Suppose the husband has committed an offense which disheartens the wife and makes her despondent—what braver course can she take than to forget it and rise above it? She must develop a good forgetter, must live in the present and not in the past. Nothing is to be gained by clinging to dead images of sorrow. Dwelling upon them will only stamp tomorrow with the gloom of yesterday.

Ill nature is a luxury on which grouches should pay a heavy tax. Why rehash personal slights and grievances which are usually more than half imaginary? The average husband and wife do not intentionally offend each other. If at times, one has a flight of temper, or makes some slighting remark, if the other sweetly ignores it and proceeds as if nothing had happened, this course is far more effective than the most stinging rebuke. No fund is more worth while accumulating than a fund of good humor. It is an investment in happiness, a safeguard against the bankruptcy of despair.

The spirit of good humor, subject as it is to cultivation and development, is within the reach of all with self-control. Good humor brings health, good times, good business, good friends and good homes.

Couples should not take married life so seriously. It is a mistake to get into the habit of weighing incidents too solemnly. We are all creatures of habit and our minds form readily in grooves. It is just as easy to hew these grooves in the one direction as in another. To change the figure, it is a simple matter to implant germs in our minds of such nature that their growth and increase will render us immune to the contagion of ill-nature, or unkindness, and proof against the miasma of snobbish opinion.

It is agreeable and pleasant to think of the good things we have had but it is demoralizing to recount the bad ones. We live in our thought, not in things. The most fundamental principle of living a successful life is to make the best of circumstances and enjoy them—never to remember an injury and never to forget a kindness.

There are husbands who are possessed of no greater talent than their talent for good humor.

Yet in most instances these big, laughing, sunny fellows have no notion of the fineness of their own dispositions. Perhaps it is their very humility which keeps them so kindly, for, after all, it is the egotist who "turns his eye inward" and letting it dwell on his own emotions magnifies them to twice their size. It is the conceited man who is continually thinking that he has received the worst of the deal. It is the self-centered chap who can nose a slight no bigger than a needle out of a haystack of good intentions.

Eleanor Hallowell Abbott parodied a well known Bible passage and changed the gist of it to: "And now abideth faith, hope and a sense of humor but the greatest of these is a sense of humor." What rating of the virtues could be more applicable to married life? Who is wiser than the wife who determines to develop her sense of humor to so great an extent that she can not only laugh at the jokes of her husband but she can actually enjoy them? The older they are the more she laughs and in her laughter she finds a relaxation that drowns the petty cares of a dull day. How easy such a woman finds it to turn approaching tragedy into comedy at the right time!

Humor is one of the strongest factors in the making of a happy home. While a real gift, it is easily developed. It has won many a man a fortune, many a woman social distinction. Seeing the funny side of life, one also glimpses the sunny and so passes tranquilly through the world relieved of unnecessary burdens. There are few situations that have not a humorous aspect. The only trouble is that people refuse to see it.

A pleasant expression is the outward sign of a contented mind. It renders any face beautiful, no matter what the color of the hair, the size of the eye, how many freckles on the nose. Its possessor attracts attention, for behind the irregularity of feature, we find a person who has charm. Not infrequently the homeliest boy is the one who develops into the man most admired. He attracts women because of his invariably pleasant expression, and his infectious smile. Similarly, in a bevy of girls, one stands out. She may have red hair, green eyes, a freckled face and prominent teeth but at the same time there is some allurements in her make-up which attracts and always the boys rush to her side at a dance. Studying her, the keen observer discovers that her salient charm is her

pleasant look, the twinkle in her eye which proclaims her good nature. Because she enjoys every minute of existence, she radiates happiness and gaiety upon all who come into contact with her.

And just as good nature is a binding force in friendship, it is undeniably the saving one in marriage. It involves a certain resiliency of temperament, that rises unshaken from disaster; it denotes a pliability, a talent for adaptability. When the passing of the glamor of courtship and the honeymoon reveals the person one has married as a very human person instead of the divinity each had visioned, it is by seeking to become chums in diversions, and partners in the business of living, that the couple will attain a happiness beyond the dreams of courtship.

Good humor is no mere shallow hilarity over anything and everything. Its manifestations may appear frivolous, but its foundations are the high virtues of tolerance, generosity and unselfishness. Its possessor can laugh at the faults of the beloved without scorn because he sees how small they are compared with the excellencies, and also how like his own.

Stevenson, commenting upon the duty of

cheerfulness, declared: "A happy person is a better thing to find than a five-pound note The entrance of such a person into a room is like the lighting of another candle." He further observed that the service the good-tempered render is above that of scholars, because "they demonstrate a better thing: the liveableness of life."

CHAPTER VIII

HABIT

The man who lets routine rule every act of his life has become its slave instead of making it his servant. He drops into a habit as unresistingly as a cartwheel settles into a rut.

He gets out of bed on the same side every morning, putting his shoe on the right foot first. He says to his wife, "Time to get up." He has said exactly the same words to her at a little after seven almost every day of their married life. She knows that to delay response is to disorganize his whole day. They have always had breakfast at eight o'clock and any other hour for that meal has a peculiar horror for him. It is inconceivable to this husband that other men should be eating at different hours. He cannot fancy why they are not sitting down to table all over the world to partake of the matutinal repast just as the clock strikes eight. Habit does not fasten itself on the individual alone but causes him to seek to draw every one else within its clutches.

If any unforeseen occurrence such as the loss of a collar button or a slip of the razor has

interfered with his procedure in making his toilet, gloom sits heavy on his brow and the thoughts that keep racing through his brain are, "Will I be late? Did I lose ten minutes? What if I am not out of the house at eight forty-five. What if I fail to be at the office at nine o'clock sharp?"

The clock is his ogre. Its hands are like menacing weapons that goad him on in his time-ruled slavery. He mumbles the same indifferent goodbye as he leaves the front door, making the same old complaint at the news-boy's stand and the same old grouchy remark to the ticket taker at the gate. He gives the same scowl at not having a seat when he rides down town. Following the same streets, turning the same corners in the same old way, he arrives at his office.

He proceeds during the day in his fixed groove of habit and returns in the evening and eats his dinner in the same indifferent fashion. Into the living room he goes with his pipe in his mouth and his paper in his hand and he stretches out in his easy chair, contented with the fact that he is doing just what he has been doing for the last fifteen years.

He likes his routine because he is accustomed

to it. He doesn't want anybody to interfere with his mode of daily habit. What a useless, inactive instrument he is in life's great scheme! How little he enters into the world's activity! How little he is worth to the universe which is being renewed and revitalized every minute of every day with new thoughts, new ideas, new progress. Morning after morning he performs his little rites with the solemnity of a religious devotee. He is, indeed, blindly worshipping the god of habit. His customary remarks, motions and diet, his unchanging hours for sleeping and awaking have come to constitute his creed. His mind, too, runs in a well oiled little groove. He would not care to think unusual thoughts, or dream strangely or hope impulsively because he fears any disintegration of his own conventions.

If he would only grab his hat impulsively and cry, "Come on! Let's go over to the Joneses'!" If he would accept any slight change from the course of his endless routine! A plunge into a sea of newness in strange fields would shake off his lethargy that he has been allowing to creep over him. He should make up his mind to do everything differently tomorrow morning from the way he has always done

it—do everything differently, no matter what it is. It will keep his mind alert to conjure up new, original remarks, choose new streets to walk in, hunt out a different news-stand and pursue an unaccustomed policy in his business.

We find these ruts in every home. Some habits husbands and wives form are good, some are bad—but most of them are bad, simply because they are not open to change. They may not injure the health but they injure the disposition. Instead of a man's having a habit, the habit has him, and imprisons him in crippling fetters of custom.

The husband stays at home all the time because he says he is tired. He has worked hard all day, and on these grounds he refuses to take his wife out. She is discontented and longs to go somewhere—to the theatre, to a moving picture or to call on friends. She suffers the most deadly of maladies—boredom, which robs her life of color, leaving it a drab monotone without interest or fascination. If she is at all temperamental her nerves will be shattered at last simply by the slow and deadly devastation of his habits.

Her husband finds a certain amount of relaxation and enjoyment down town in his busi-

ness but she is being smothered by the sameness of her routine. Nothing in the world would do them more good than to shake off their stay-at-home habits and go somewhere—anywhere—to visit their neighbors, to an art exhibit, to a cafe, to a musicale. It will awaken in both of them latent ideas that have been lying dormant. But no! He will not go. He wants to remain at home. He says, "This is my way of life, I like it and I will not change it. If you don't like me, you know what you can do." Too many men think that in providing for their wives' physical comfort, they have discharged all their obligations. Mental stimulation is more essential to woman's happiness than are food and raiment.

The woman of habit is just as immovable as the husband. To her, also, habit is a religion and her home is the temple where she sacrifices everybody's comfort to routine. After she gets up in the morning, she attacks her housework immediately. Everything is scheduled and must be done on the stroke. John has his breakfast at a certain hour or he doesn't have it. She can't let a second breakfast interfere with her housework. He can sleep until she is ready to take care of his room but after that, out he goes.

She runs the vacuum up and down the hall. John may be sick and staying home from work, but this is Friday, the day to use the vacuum. The cleaning cannot go until Saturday because that will interfere with the baking and who ever heard of baking on any day but Saturday? Little Billy comes in with a rip in his trousers. Mother is doing her housework and can't help him now so he had better sit in the front room until she can give him attention.

Should her husband suggest that it is a beautiful evening, exclaiming impulsively, "Let's go to the park and watch the sunset!" she says "Park?—Sun?—Let it sink, these dishes must be done before I leave this house. Do you think I would go out and let these dishes stand? I want you to understand I am not that kind of housekeeper."

Such a woman lets one opportunity after another for enjoying life slip by until she becomes so accustomed to foregoing pleasures, she cannot enjoy them when they appear. Enjoyment, like opportunity, must be welcomed in at the moment it knocks else its calls become infrequent and it fails to stop at all.

People who are bound hand and foot by their habits fail in adaptability. They do not realize

that adaptability is the determining factor of success; that by each new reaction to an experience man educates himself. The greater the variety of actions of which he is capable, the greater his versatility.

Men and women are conservative because they hate change. They believe what they have always believed because they know nothing else to believe. Families are conservative and hopelessly grounded in their customs because precedent is their law. The children attend the same school; the sons belong to their father's political party and take up his profession. Every Sunday they sit in the same pew that some great-great occupied. These old conservative families derive a sense of well being from their adherence to rule. They believe that all well-bred people should live their way, reading the *Times*, dining at the Family Cafe every Friday evening and attending a musical recital at the Arts Theatre once in two weeks. They hold the smug conviction that their mode of life is the only mode. They are all shocked to see a neighbor deviate from their particular brand of respectability. They are suspicious of people from other countries, youths with radical doctrines, statesmen who advocate changes, and

writers with original thoughts to offer. Fixed habits keep them provincial. Deadly routine has retarded all development.

We are either sinking or rising through our habits. They are either holding us back and hindering our progress or they are pushing us forward, lifting us up or broadening us, according to their character. The force of human habit is little understood. We all need to study carefully our habits of thought or conduct for they will make for our success or our failure accordingly as they stand for live decisions or petrified conformity to routine.

Some men entertain intense, energetic thoughts. Others think slowly, indulging in sleepy dreams. One has new ideas constantly, is on the alert, awake; the other is gradually enervated until he relapses into a state of lethargy.

Habits should be formed consciously. We are wrong in never deviating from routine about little things. The habits we ought to form are big, flexible ones such as the habits of intensive reading, of being well-groomed, and conversing wisely. We should not let the routine govern the details of conduct lest we suffer irritation over tiny discomforts and annoyance

at trivialities. If we feel that so long as a thing is finally done correctly it is as good to accomplish it in one way as in another, we can enjoy life unhampered by myriad petty anxieties.

The wise form their habits consciously and refuse to drift along the line of least resistance into detrimental practices. They are the most pleasant companions who strive for the elusive habit of originality in speech and independence in thought. Nobody is interested in a rubber stamp. Habitual remarks admit of little choice in reply, while unusual conversations arise from the expression of a new point of view.

The reason so few people really think is because they do not strive to belong to the better class of habit formers—those who consciously govern their opinions and actions. Most persons would be alarmed to know that they were serving a tyrant. Yet they make no effort to escape this old despot, Habit, who has them in his relentless grip. They serve him without knowing whose law they obey. They slip unresistingly into "any old way" without reckoning the why or wherefore. They are mentally lazy. They do not care to exercise the energy it takes to break away from their own tendencies.

They would be most wise in establishing the guards of habit over certain conduct. They should reason out why such formations are necessary and then continue in that groove. Once an inhibition is destroyed it becomes less easy to erect it again. The psychologists say that the synoptic resistance of the mind has been lowered, meaning that the new experience has become easier to repeat. In times of crisis when action must precede thought, habit serves us in good stead. We should deliberately seek to employ each day the habits that will come to our rescue in unforeseen circumstances. If a man is not in the habit of stealing he suffers little temptation when he is left alone for a minute with a thousand dollars worth of his neighbor's greenbacks.

Why is this matter of habit so important to marriage? Because it is the cause of tremendous unhappiness. It gives rise to the little irritations that sting continually like bothersome insects. Most of us can weather great tragedies better than the sight of a man picking his teeth. Most wives would prefer a man who impulsively gambled away his pay check than a man who sniffles a peculiarly vexatious sniff every day of his life.

Men notice certain jargons their wives employ, certain overworked adjectives and conventional phrases with no little displeasure. They grow weary of the time-worn comparison "like mother used to make," and the old effusive request to callers to "remember the latch-string is always out". Men enjoy seeing their wives in different gowns; and they appreciate the everyday coiffures more if treated to variations now and then. They delight in new, uncertain moods just as they admire versatility of disposition in any companion. Sometimes even a quarrel is a pleasant relief from too maddeningly monotonous, sunny skies. Erratic hours work good by the change they give a married couple when they would work only harm if kept from day to day. New surroundings, new friends, new amusements, new work—these are the storehouses of experience from which advantageous habits may be derived. They supply the tests for the old customs so that the man and woman can judge whether they have been disciplining their lives correctly, whether they have followed the lines of least resistance or have been conforming to some bad habit's despotism.

The husband and wife must not take separate

rules for conduct and adhere inflexibly to them, disregarding each other's wishes. Stubborn and undeviating routines endanger happiness by inflicting constant and ill-advised irritation. They should discuss the habits they wish to form and mutually agree upon their fixed policy for daily discipline. When the habits become second nature effort will be unnecessary for the enforcement. They may change them from time to time as if they were amending a constitution. If each knows what is expected controversy will be avoided.

Let married folk decide to form the habit of good humor. Sarcastic remarks, criticism, despondency and ill nature are all moods that grow like sturdy rebels if they are freely exercised. With disuse they become weak and finally leave the home forever. Each time husband or wife indulges in bad temper, the next misbehavior grows easier. Grown people only differ from children in that the little ones are disciplined by others while adults are expected to discipline themselves. Let each one watch his conversation. He will see how the unkind remarks are a matter of habit. A person who is used to conducting himself in reasonably cheerful fashion simply does not have the inspiration to quarrel.

Frankness is a habit. If a couple are used to confiding everything to each other, they will soon find it almost impossible to deny the urge to frank confidences. Each night they will look forward to the moment when they can be together and describe all the happenings of the day. Any deception, however small, will cause them discomfort because it is a departure from a desirable and satisfactory routine. If they must fall into ruts let them choose the pleasant ruts. Hypocrisy and dishonesty are ugly tracks to follow. Exaggeration, subterfuge and evasion can easily be avoided and exactness, sincerity and honesty be substituted as the better routes.

Faith is a habit and doubt is a habit. These new comrades decide at the outset of their journey together which policy they intend to pursue. Are they going to question each other, let jealousy creep in, allow suspicion to prevail? Or will they rely upon each other as persons of integrity? Will each enjoy complete confidence in his mate's conduct, belief in his good sense, and trust in the strong staff of his love?

And there are innumerable little failings as well as countless small virtues that are habitual in daily life. Perhaps the smaller these irritating faults and endearing qualities, the greater

their importance. Few people go through many great crises which put their characters to supreme test, but no one lives who is not called upon to meet some small dilemma hourly.

Mental wobbling—continual hesitation over small decisions—can rack the nerves of the person who beholds it. The wife of a man who was always hesitant over the details of life knew no peace whether they worked or played together. He couldn't decide what he wanted to eat or what he had better wear. He was late to the office trying to make up his mind whether it would rain and he would need his umbrella. The climax of his uncertainty was attained when they were on shipboard the second morning of their ocean voyage. The wife at last went on deck alone while her husband remained in their stateroom. When asked by her friends if he were ill, she replied resignedly, "No, but this morning he happened to put on one brown shoe and one black shoe and he is sitting there trying to decide which one to take off!"

Perversity sometimes grows to be such a habit with a woman that she counters the most trivial suggestion of her husband with a suggestion of her own. If he wishes to go to one

theatre, she immediately chooses another; if he mentions poker she mentions auction bridge; if he wants steak for dinner he has only to ask for chicken because he knows she will, in that case, insist upon steak. This contradictory state of mind is simply a negative attitude controlled by habit. If there is no reason for not acquiescing in her husband's choice the wife should not allow herself to disagree simply from habit. Nor should she invent reasons for the pure sake of debate. Many wives are not conscious that they follow this doctrine of negation, yet they go on day after day promptly countering every suggestion their husbands make with suggestions of their own which are no wiser and no better founded. It is not likely either opinion has a weighty reason behind it. A perverse woman may be evincing her stubbornness from the determination not to be dominated or she may be but the victim of a habit which she would gladly change if she realized that it was mastering her.

Both men and women often drop into habits at the table which grate on others' nerves. Since it is more difficult to overcome these habits in later life than it is while young and adaptable, they will find it a practical policy to con-

form to the conventions and rules of etiquette which are pronounced good by society. Many would-be original persons are disposed to transgress all rules, for the mere sake of refusing to be as the majority. Such conduct is without excuse, unless a principle is involved, for even the rules of etiquette are generally based upon fundamental needs of human beings in living with each other. It is worth while to hold to the rules of good form and to try daily to regulate manners and conduct according to etiquette. The person who is always well groomed and correctly and neatly attired will find he gains in poise for he creates an impression of prosperity.

Thus the list of good habits to be cultivated and bad ones to be uprooted grows larger as it extends to all the minor details of married life.

But whether habits are considered as despots that rule, as friends or stumbling blocks, as ruts or routes, it remains important to the husband and wife to regard them as serious factors that make or mar happiness. Perhaps it is best to think of them as tools with which to build the structure of their life together. The trousseau, the baggage, the wedding journey, the new house

and all its furnishings are not as essential to the success of the marriage as the habits. Do not wise workmen choose their implements with thought and discretion when about to erect a temple intended to last throughout long years?

CHAPTER IX

JEALOUSY

Jealousy is not only a confession of weakness but the measure of a man's thwarted aspiration. It is natural for him to be jealous of others when he cannot measure up to them. By focusing attention on the facts it is easy to discover that often the man who condemns another is simply jealous of him.

Perhaps jealousy has caused more sorrow, heartaches, and tears than any other single human fault. It exists among husbands and wives, parents and children, in business, in society and in politics. It is to be found in every phase of life. When man is able at last to eliminate jealousy from the world, he will have created Utopia.

Jealousy in the home has many phases. We find the wife jealous of the husband's business. He seems constantly to talk about business, to think about business. Married women have actually desired their husband's success to be mediocre, because of their jealousy of his ambition. There are cases in which the woman in her heart of hearts hoped the husband would

fail in some of his enterprises because she would become his sole interest in adversity.

A husband sometimes grows jealous of his wife's home surroundings, of her household duties. Often we find there is a jealousy between the father and the mother as to the love of the children. In that case the imagination helps to magnify the situation.

A certain couple came disastrously near the rocks solely because the husband grew jealous of the love of his two sons and daughter for their mother. He had always been a man of good habits. With his wife he had shared a life of perfect understanding and happiness. It was the thought of his wife and the youngsters that impelled him gradually to devote more and more of his time to his office. On the nights he spent at home he watched the mother and children gather about the piano and heard them sing in sweet harmony the simple tunes they loved.

At first, as he sat apart, a solitary listener, his dreams were all glorious air castles and he built for himself vaster and vaster mansions of contentment. At last his dreams were assailed. He had a feeling of being left out of the circle and his sadness grew into self

pity. Remarks of his wife about himself he interpreted as slights, not stopping to ascertain the real intent. He was firmly convinced that she was poisoning the minds of his children against him. Finally all his love for her seemed supplanted by hate and viciousness. He had a desire to humiliate, crush and embarrass her. He endeavored to curtail her expense accounts, quarreled with her about money. By his own acts he accomplished the very alienation of his children of which he accused his wife. The home grew so unhappy that the wife made up her mind to take steps for a divorce and presented the facts to an attorney who took up the matter with the husband.

The husband denied that he was "mean and hateful". He did not have the courage to tell the lawyer that he imagined his wife was turning his children against him. He made his whole defense upon the matter of money, claiming that his wife's mismanagement of the home would cause him to be wrecked financially.

It was a difficult problem to handle, because no matter what position she took, he still held the idea that he had lost the love and affection

of his children. Nothing could convince him that any loss of their love was due to his own conduct.

Suddenly in the midst of this chaotic struggle, one of the boys was taken dangerously ill. Upon learning from the doctor that the case was very serious the father came to the rescue. He remained by the bedside night and day, refusing to go to his business. During this period of sorrow and despair, his obsession left him and he realized the love he bore his children and his wife was reciprocated. He saw himself in the true light. He understood that through his own delusion he had almost allowed his fears to ruin his life.

Now when the father sees the mother and children gathering in that circle around the piano, he joins them in a rollicking spirit of comradeship. He shows that he wants to have a part in it. All the misery and sorrow might have been avoided by a quiet effort on his part to show his good fellowship. Only the boy's serious illness prevented the divorce!

A victim of jealousy will go to extreme lengths when infuriated by magnified slights and fancied wrongs. He finds it difficult to express his grievances and allows his imagined

injuries to accumulate. The moment that suspicion enters the mind of husband or wife, the doubt should be cast out as unworthy. If it persists, the subject should be approached frankly on the presumption that the other person is unconsciously arousing antagonism.

The old advice which adepts at the game of love give to worried young couples—"try jealousy" is merely a pitfall for the destruction of happiness. Even if the ruse is successful, even if it revives interest in the indifferent party for a short time, it is a dangerous thing to try. No extinguisher has as yet been invented to quench its selfish flame. Like a prairie fire it sweeps along bearing trust, faith, loyalty and sympathy before it.

Is a man or woman necessarily jealous if he or she is sincerely in love? Does not jealousy imply lack of faith, love's very corner stone? Only the little soul dwells on foolish suspicions. The generous nature gives the other the benefit, not only of the doubt, but of deferred judgment. Jumping at conclusions is the most dangerous form of athletics. The person who builds with dreads, forebodings, and uncertainties has chosen a precarious material that gives way when he least expects it. He is never secure.

The least wind that blows tumbles his house of cards.

Many of the gravest suspicions a husband entertains as to his wife's faithfulness are mere artificialities arisen from the current modern code. He tells himself "I should be jealous; any self-respecting husband would condemn my wife's conduct." He does not stop to ask himself, "What do I think?" but "What would the world think?"

What a husband feels on the indubitable evidence of his wife's faithlessness is a vague, dull ache which, analyzed, would prove one-third discomfort, one-third wounded pride, one-third disillusionment. His emotion is a compound of fear and anger nourished by self-love rather than love. He experiences the discomfort because his daily routine has been tampered with, his habits of thought disarranged. The possibility of annoying publicity distracts him. His vanity suffers because his wife has found a more attractive male. He is disillusioned because he suspects her every past act now and reviews her former life with him in the light of her aberration. If he is shaken to the depths of his soul by an unconquerable and deadly savagery which prompts him to destroy his wife

or her lover, is he not returning to the instinct of his forebears rather than struggling up through the mire of animalism to the calm sanity of reasonable living? Have we not seen jealousy condoned too long as an ungovernable and pardonable piece of sex psychology? Is it not time for comment to condemn it as a relic of the Stone Age?

Parents and teachers should take care never to show favoritism or partiality in any way, for very often all the memories of childhood are spoiled for one who remembers a youth spent in the misery of knowing a brother or a sister to be more deeply loved. Children who have suffered from such injustice are apt to grow up embittered and evince continual malice toward fellow men who have been more fortunate. If the home were made a citadel where the enemy of jealousy could not enter, would not fewer people let it conquer them after they reached maturity? Would not fewer women say with sad insistence, "Yes, I am hopelessly jealous"? Would not fewer men contemplate with an air of virtuousness the vengeance that they think it only fitting to wreak on the third corner of a triangle?

"It's all very well for you to talk," cries the

young wife, in tearful scorn of her would-be adviser, "You couldn't be jealous. You don't care enough!" Her reproach expresses the popular fallacy that jealousy is an evidence of love. Probably nine-tenths of the tortured souls who are swayed by this emotion make the same mistake. They regard their susceptibility to it as something inherent in their particular mentality, like an ear for music, or color blindness, when it is nothing but an ordinary lack of self-control.

Whether in man or woman it is unlovely in origin, and still more so in action. The jealous lover is more concerned about possessing his beloved than making her happy. The realization that he does not fill her every thought makes him fear for the completeness of his ownership. Resentment deepens into anger and rage at both the one who has thus disturbed his complacency and at the woman who has affronted his self-esteem. He broods upon his wrong. He cannot talk of it frankly, lest he confess his weakness. Since anyone looking for slights is sure to find them, his wounded self-love is continually irritated. Suspicion, spying, and unjust accusations quickly destroy trust, and through them his imaginary injury becomes

a real one. His wife is likely to find him inferior to any man who treats her rationally.

The same unhappy sequence attends jealousy on the woman's part. She is likely to attribute her husband's change from the ardor of courtship to the matter-of-factness of marriage to a diminished appreciation of her charms. She, too, yields to fear, then to anger and finally allows them to overshadow every other feeling with the same result—creating the very situation her dread had conjured from imagination. If there were no love between them, the matter would be simple but until it grows stronger than the self-love, its bond is galling in proportion to its strength. And added to all its discomforts is the sense of shame that jealousy casts over its victims. Instead of sympathy they receive only scorn and ridicule and deserve them.

Jealous people should come down to earth and look at matters from a sane point of view. They should remember that love wears rose-colored glasses and that the object of adoration is far more attractive to one who adores than to any one else.

To have permanence, love must be built on trust. A man and a woman should be loyal

enough to count each other trustworthy. One young wife who actually wept all night because her husband looked so handsome in the new suit he had just brought home feared that his faithfulness to her would not withstand the temptation of other women's admiration. She was indulging herself in childish dreads based on her own exaggeration of his manly charms. He did not appear half so handsome to those women as she imagined. Furthermore, she gave him no credit for steadfastness of character.

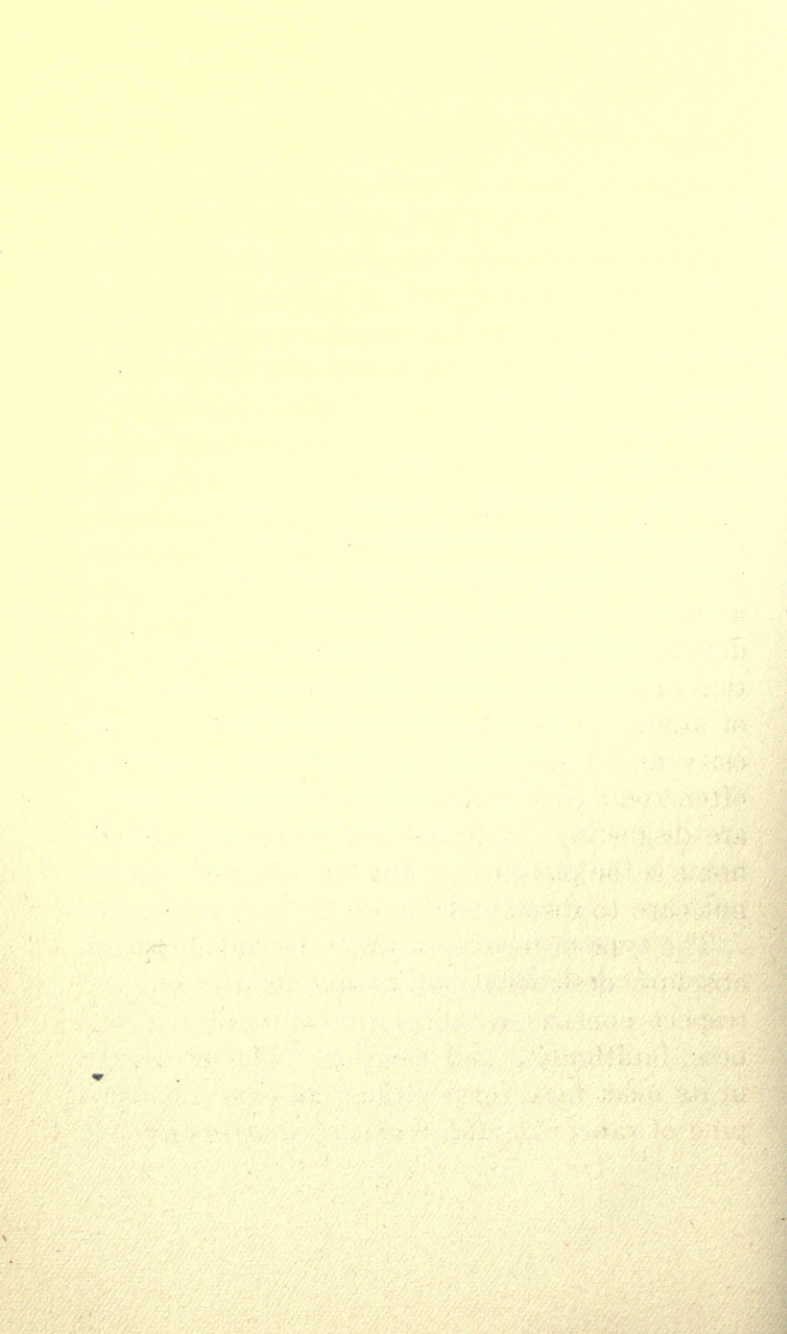
Most sane men and women realize the folly of jealousy in others, and feel that it should be avoided like a plague, but none the less it continues to wreck friendships, to dwarf childhood and to break up homes. It is easier to avoid in theory than in practice, largely because we spend less effort in keeping our minds and souls in health than our bodies.

What is the remedy? Companionship between the sexes provides a basis for sincere understanding and sympathy, the two surest preventatives of jealousy that can be known.

Much as we may reiterate that jealousy should not exist, the fact remains that it does exist and that strong natures often lose their self-control in trying to battle it.

Once having become jealous, husbands and wives should realize that the best course is to seek immediately to end the matter rather than postpone it. They should first face the doubts themselves without consulting each other, for serious quarrels sometimes arise over the fact that one has even entertained such suspicions for a minute. By arguing that the other is worthy of confidence and trying to become assured of his good intentions, it is often possible to make such readjustment of attitude as to destroy the unpleasant mood forever.

If it is still difficult to eradicate the feeling, it is wise to discuss the matter frankly and have it settled. Some trivial explanation may clear up a hundred doubts. A sincere reiteration of love and loyalty will often disperse at once all the enemies of peace and harmony. Nothing can be gained by fostering the emotion of jealousy. If allowed to grow it becomes an ugly monster which destroys the faculties of reason and decision and makes men fools.



CHAPTER X

INCOMPATIBILITY

"I could forgive and still love a man who beat me because he suspected me of infidelity," says a young wife, "but I must eternally hate a man who blacked my eye because his coffee was cold."

There is no crime so great as littleness. A petty, mean, contemptible attitude of a husband and wife toward each other is inexcusable. It is surprising how small people can become in dealing with each other in their marriage relation and it is deplorable to observe such a state of affairs where there should be mutual generosity and forbearance. Members of a family often treat each other to flights of temper that are disgusting. Why should people believe the home is the place to exhibit rudeness they would not care to display elsewhere?

The type of meanness which brings about the absolute destruction of happiness and mutual respect consists in constant contention, pettiness, faultfinding and nagging. This is cruelty in its most fatal form. It is the constant dripping of rancor on the stone of matrimony. It

produces an atmosphere so unwholesome and so unhappy that the strongest love is at last stifled. A multitude of petty deeds creates an irritation that kills all finer feeling and does it the more thoroughly because it does it slowly.

Many people live together for years in an apathetic state, not possessing the temperament that rages fiercely and hates unconditionally. They endure sullenly or sadly because they do not wish to disrupt the home. Often the guilty person is only half conscious of the harm he does. Sometimes the hopeless situation is caused by jealousy over the children; sometimes it is the clash of two temperaments apparently incompatible; sometimes it is lack of self-control on the part of one with corresponding lack of diplomacy on the part of the other. Often it is selfishness evinced equally by both.

While many married couples conceal their discontentment in the presence of others, pretending an accord they do not feel, others reveal more of their incompatibility in society than when they are alone. Usually they try to domineer over each other, the wife wishing to show her proprietorship, the husband seeking to assert his superiority.

A young husband and wife, guests at the home of congenial friends one evening, made a sad display of this common marital trait. The wife was talented musically. On being requested to sing, she took her place at the piano while her husband bent over her to turn the music. As she finished the selection he remarked that "Love's Old Sweet Song" had always been a favorite of his and asked her to sing it. The little lady smiled up at him and remarking casually, "Just a minute dear, until I finish this," went on to ripple through a bit of rag-time she had tentatively begun. He was obviously perturbed, his face clouded and his ill-temper was apparent to everyone. She yielded immediately to his whim. Abandoning the rag-time in the middle of a syncopated measure, she hastily began the song he had chosen. The young husband's face cleared and he looked a bit abashed.

The company was no doubt secretly amused to see how nearly the young couple had quarreled over "Love's Old Sweet Song." The course of the wife was undoubtedly the right one unless she wished an open break. Yet in forcing her into such subservience the husband destroyed some of her respect.

In marriage, as in everything else, there is constant evolution. A man and woman either progress peacefully in mutual love and confidence or allow disturbing occurrences to create a fast-widening breach that will lead to the divorce court.

How seldom do we see a couple who can play cards together without making their guests wish they had stayed at home! They not infrequently allow others glimpses of acrimony and dissension below the surface which make good fellowship impossible. One creates this uncongenial atmosphere by criticism, and the other retaliates and continues the verbal combat.

It grows difficult to endure constant nagging without retaliation or obvious displeasure. It would be advisable for the one harassed by such rudeness to bring the matter to an issue and privately settle it once and for all. If the offender could be made to see how despicable his conduct was, he would probably mend his ways. On account of sensitiveness, grown people are reluctant to call attention to these personal slights. A man often ignores sharp remarks. He feels that it is beneath his dignity to notice them. Yet he is injured and hurt by

having his wife point out his faults in public. Quite naturally this man feels that he is not receiving the proper deference. When a woman is the victim of such treatment, she rarely has the self-control to keep from showing scorn for scorn, and flinging taunt for taunt.

A wealthy man was entertaining an acquaintance at his home. The cigars had been passed and the guest was provided with a small ash tray. At one side stood an easily moved stand, containing a complete smoking outfit. The hostess asked her husband to place the stand within the guest's reach, saying that it was more convenient than the small one he was using.

The husband replied very evenly that they were getting along rather well with the ash trays they had. His wife, with an expression of disgust on her face, arose and placed the stand beside the embarrassed visitor. Volumes were revealed by this little incident. It was not the occurrence itself but the underlying ill-will which showed the lack of harmony in the household. Although conversation was resumed a little cloud shadowed the congeniality. The impression of unpleasantness remained.

These slight domestic conflicts impress the

visitor in the home unfavorably. In mentioning the ash stand, the wife's tone implied criticism of her husband as if he had committed some act of thoughtlessness. Certainly her husband should not have ignored her suggestion, but in disregarding his reply she behaved in the worst of taste.

The attitude of a man and woman who love and respect each other should reflect that high regard, by being as courteous and polite to each other as to strangers. Careless conduct should studiously be avoided as it is demoralizing to both and weakens their self respect. A mean act hurts its perpetrator more than its victim. Continued bickering warps the sensibilities until companionship is impossible.

Experience teaches that through forgiveness we rise to a higher plane. We seldom understand all the circumstances surrounding the offense, therefore it is not well to condemn too quickly any act of apparent neglect or unfaithfulness. There is an old French saying that "to know all is to forgive all". It is wise to study first all the conditions and perhaps we will see that in the same situations we might have acted in the same way.

Some offenses which society pronounces un-

pardonable are less destructive of happiness than many it tolerates, uncondemned. A contemptible husband can harass a wife by continual criticism and sarcasm and hurt her more than if he beat her. More than one husband would prefer a sound thrashing to having his wife continually sneer at his remarks and conduct and reveal the meanness of her soul.

Certain natures are incapable of unselfish devotion. Many couples enter a marriage that is not founded on strong love. But even these men and women, if only from a selfish or materialistic motive, must desire their marriages to be successful. If the two are compatible and love each other to the capacity of their temperaments, such unions may prove happy. At least it is not likely that they make the mistake of expecting too much of each other. By their very lack of ardor they eliminate the handicaps of sensitiveness and jealousy, and maintain a quiet indifference that brings them placid contentment.

A bachelor having no idea of marriage, undoubtedly selfish in his desires as most bachelors are, was firmly grooved in his own mode of life. He became acquainted with a business woman who had been engaged in the same

work for years. They chummed together for five years and at last were married, both still boasting of their sensible and platonic attraction. Since their marriage they have been extremely happy. They had stated that they were not in love but only admired each other greatly. Now, the most casual observer is convinced they have developed a deep love for each other. They are thoroughly congenial, have a deep mutual understanding and do not interfere with each other's personal habits and freedom. As time goes by they find they demand each other's company more and more, growing closer together. This marriage was not founded on love in the beginning but has ripened into a love so strong that nothing but death could part them. Their old age will undoubtedly be an idyll of contentment.

On the other hand, the marriage of two persons passionately fond of each other often fails. Because of this unreasoning passion the wife becomes jealous of her husband's business and the husband becomes jealous of his wife's household duties or her friends. She imagines that he thinks more of his business than of her. He complains that she pays more attention to her household than to him. Through

the very intensity of their affection, which to a certain extent has the elements of selfishness, they are brought to some misunderstanding which results disastrously. In such cases reconciliation could easily be brought about by a third person consulted at the right time, provided the third person be disinterested and honest in his efforts to assist them.

Married people would find it a great advantage to talk over their troubles with a person experienced in such affairs. It is a relief to unburden oneself to a person who is sure to respect the confidence and who advises for the best without any ulterior motive. Perhaps a lawyer is the best confidant provided he is the right kind of lawyer.

Many married people believe that because they are married, one should never stir without the other. Wives bitterly resent the weekly lure of the lodge, and regard an invitation to dinner for business reasons with grave suspicion. Of course, husbands make business an excuse for neglecting their homes and families when they are concerned with pastimes that will not bear the light of day, but no sensible wife will doubt her husband's veracity or question his motives when he tells her he must entertain a

customer at dinner, if she has no other reason to doubt him than her own suspicions.

Everybody realizes that much of the glamour of the courtship days flees because of too much sameness after marriage. When life appears "tedious as a twice-told tale," the best thing to do is to take a little diversion separately. Let the husband attend lodge with his friends. Let the wife accept an invitation to fill in at a bridge club. It will give her an idea of the status of her feminine attractions. She can tell whether other people are as interested in her as they once were, whether they look at her admiringly, enjoy her wit and find her company desirable.

The moods of women are myriad. There is no denying that it is the "clinging vine" type of woman who usually gets the better of a situation. She appeals to all her husband's manly instincts. Her childlike dependence upon him flatters his vanity and emphasizes his importance.

Of course, modern women refer to this type of wife sneeringly. Nevertheless she is the type that holds her husband. She guides their relations easily and smoothly. We never find the "clinging vine" in the divorce court. She

gets everything she wants because she makes the husband believe that he is always acting on his own initiative. Case after case illustrates how simple a man is in the hands of a wife who makes him believe that she is doing everything his way. When she once establishes her husband in this conviction, she has won the day. She may be selfish but she manages to maintain an attitude of deference and her life is always peaceful and harmonious.

Compatibility is never fostered by the continual parading of independence, whether in a husband or a wife. Normal human beings enjoy being asked for their advice or their opinion. Such an appeal is not only flattering, but actually increases one's stock of ideas and good judgment.

Companionship is most enjoyable when each takes his turn as speaker and listener. Most of us would rather live without companions than to have them sources of ceaseless, overbearing advice based on didactic views.

One old lady, on receiving an expression of sympathy over the loss of her husband, replied, "Faith, an' I am lonesome, but it is a mighty good lonesome!"

A husband who feels the lack of the old love

in his wife should scrutinize his conduct to ascertain the cause, for undoubtedly it lies within himself. He should determine how he has changed from the man he was at the time of their marriage. If he admits a difference, why should he not return as soon as possible to that former, agreeable self? What he has been once he can become again with effort. It should not be difficult to grow as generous and interesting as he was during courtship. The best way to start this rejuvenation of character is to plan some new pleasure—a trip or excursion which might lead to a change of thought.

Whether the man or his wife has made the mistake the remedy will be easy if the cause is pleasantly discussed and steps taken to correct the errors of the past. While the ideal may have faded it can easily be supplanted by a new ideal of more permanent endurance. Passionate love may have subsided but in its place a sweet companionship has ripened—an intimacy based on mutual understanding, forgiveness and forbearance. Having once had the love of a married partner, the one who has erred can regain it through the adoption of a noble spirit and sincere attention to small

courtesies. The members of the partnership need to readjust themselves to present conditions, if time has worked slow, undesirable changes since first that partnership was organized.

CHAPTER XI

THE MISTRESS

“The Other Woman in the Case!”

Hardly a day goes by but that some reference is made to her in the newspapers, that “other woman” who leaves in her wake a wrecked home. Might it not be worth while to look into some of her methods even though we question the results.

In other words, how does the mistress attract a “good husband” from wife, home, children and law? How does she overcome all these formidable odds against her? How does she so often win, single-handed, against society?

Let us consider the case of one human triangle that came to our personal attention, analyzing its psychology from the point of view of the “other woman” herself.

The man was a successful business executive of refinement about middle age. He had been industrious from his youth and had lived a life that followed steadfastly enough the codes of the average business man. He was married and had two children. Everything ran smoothly in the home, with no apparent friction or mis-

understanding. He was, in fact, considered an ideal father and husband.

Through his business dealings he chanced to meet a girl of attractive personality who impressed him immediately as above the average woman in intelligence. She was about twenty-five years old, dressed quietly but distinctively and gave, in her every word and motion, a suggestion of refinement. Although she was not beautiful there was an elusive fascination in the wave of her bright hair and the expression in her gray eyes. She had not lived up to the conventional standards of society, he learned inadvertently, but she had never deviated far enough from the paths of rectitude to acquire the slightest tinge of an unsavory reputation.

His acquaintance with her grew rapidly. One day he invited her to lunch at a downtown hotel. There seemed immediately to be a bond of attraction between them which made them seek the society of each other from time to time until their relations developed to the point where she took an apartment at his suggestion and lived there as his mistress.

For a period everything went smoothly. There was no interruption to their relationship until the wife discovered that something was

wrong. Intuitively she felt her husband was visiting some other woman. Certain little misstatements of fact from him as to his whereabouts and actions coupled with a guilty uneasiness in his manner drove her to this conviction. Being a woman of action who wished to settle without delay difficulties that confronted her, she engaged a lawyer who located the mistress and made the wife a report.

She was, of course, overwhelmed and dismayed to learn the facts and was perplexed to know the wisest course. Uppermost in her mind was her fear of publicity for the sake of her children. Her lawyer appreciated the situation and desired to do the best thing, rather than the thing most profitable to himself. He advised her to go frankly to the girl and talk the matter over.

She paid a surprise visit to the apartment one afternoon and found the girl at home. As the wife glanced about she seemed to note half dazedly the comfortable upholstery, the dull hangings, the well bound books, the carefully chosen pictures in the charming living room where she was seated.

The girl, who confronted her, assumed an agreeable, alert air, as if the call had been

prompted by pleasure. On seeing her guest's strained, unhappy look, the mistress knew intuitively that this was her rival, her adversary, met face to face at last. "She has come to take him away," she thought, and the thought spelled tragedy. It shook her to the depths of her soul and left her cold and tremulous. She was not ashamed; she was not afraid, but she shrank in an agony of dread from the prospect of losing her lover. For the first time she saw herself an outcast without the right to do open battle for the thing she wanted. Society had recognized this other woman, had given her his name and the prerogative to demand his love.

In a flash of insight she saw them both as bidders for that love and she knew herself to be handicapped. Love had caused her to surrender herself to him so unconditionally that she had asked nothing in return except his devotion. She had not paused, as this other woman had done, to assure her own protection, her rights by law, her status in society. These, his wife possessed. Without them, she, his mistress, was unarmed and unhelmeted to enter the lists for love.

Outwardly, the girl exhibited unshaken poise. She listened silently while her caller explained

her mission. The wife described her married life, its undisturbed happiness, the constant thoughtfulness and integrity of her husband, the children who were growing up and whose future she was considering more than all.

"I know the facts," said his wife. "I know what my husband is to you and what you are to him. I won't dwell on my sorrow over my disillusionment. But can't you think of the home you are breaking up? Of the boy—the girl? For Heaven's sake try to think of them—their name—the name of their father!"

The mistress rose and walked to the window—the window where he had so often stood beside her talking of his dreams and fancies while they looked out over the gray, unquiet lake. She began to speak in a low monotone: "I have no apology to make. Can't I just say how sorry I am that you are unhappy? I'm trying to understand exactly what you feel and I want you to know just what this means to me. Oh, it's nothing light, please believe me! Don't think it was common or ugly—that as a young girl in a refined home, years and years ago, I would have dreamed of being here—like this! Yet I did not enter into it blindly. It was all so natural—just a part of my destiny—

I was proud to be his mistress, proud to have him for a lover!" And she lifted her head with an imperious little motion that forbade any humility being attributed to her attitude.

They were silent for a moment and then the wife asked suddenly "Tell me one thing—how did you win him? Away from his home—from me—?"

The girl began to talk, rapidly, distinctly, her thoughts crystallizing into a clear analysis of the situation.

"Forgive me if anything I say seems cruel—perhaps what I tell you will help a little in the future. Many wives lose their husbands through indifference or lack of enthusiasm regarding their relationship with them."

"I try in every way to be lovable and really love. There is no limit to my endeavor. There is nothing I will not do to prove my love. I realize that the odds are all against me and I must, by the very personification of love, outweigh those odds—you, your family, society, his own conscience and self-condemnation and even the law! With my tenderness and sympathy, I am able to hold him against the world. I look up to him, respect him, adore him. He is my king, my master and still he puts me on

an equality with himself, for he places such confidence in me and relates to me his ambitions, hopes, desires and plans for the future. And while I humble myself, he exalts me.

“The world will say it is the sex relation. That may be something but it is not sufficient to hold a man of his character and intelligence. We are congenial, companionable, chums, enjoying every moment of our relationship. The time we spend together is one of real happiness, the pure joy of living. There is a certain freedom in our friendship that has a secret charm. I am—forgive me—perfectly serene in the consciousness that he loves me. Many times I’m sad, of course, as I realize the situation. Sometimes my heart aches because he doesn’t come often enough. But I believe him to be truly noble. I never doubt him! The thought that he should admire and love me compensates me for the suffering and humiliation that creep in when I think about being outside the pale of society.

“Maybe I’ve been blind. Certainly my eyes are open to your side of it now.—This has been heaven to me but I’ll give it up if you’ll promise me to forgive him—promise you’ll have no reluctance to take him back on the old basis?

Simply lock the door of your heart on this incident and lose the key!

"Then you must try to become his companion. Follow out the same plan of holding his love that made me succeed. Be free, frank, honest in your attitude. I swear I'll help you all I can! On the other hand, if you can't forgive him freely and you want to go on with a divorce I intend to hold my claim as long as I can. That's only fair, isn't it?"

The wife was a woman of judgment. Knowing the frailties of humanity, she tried to be tolerant to those who committed sins she could not condone. She decided quickly that forgiveness was the best course for her home, herself, her children. Controlling her emotions she thanked the girl, accepted her proposition and left the apartment quietly.

After she had gone the mistress stood perfectly still looking dully at the closed door. He would enter there perhaps once—twice—then everything would be over. She sat down, feeling a strange weakness and pressed her aching head into her two hands. She wished she could weep. Instead, swift, chaotic thoughts were tormenting her. She lived again those blissful occasions of his visits—how he would stand with

his hands behind him teasing her with some book or sweet or frivolous gift; how they watched the lake beat up in white surges—the sound of his voice speaking passionately of love, his work, his dreams—the firelight—how they watched it in the big armchair surrounded by dusk shadows!

Why should she give him up? But perhaps he would choose that way when he had talked to his wife? A cold, reserved, conventional woman—his wife. They had talked like two calm bidders for love. And love was not like that! Like the grim lake it was a surging, aching, terrible thing that beat against you and used you for its own purposes! Why should she give him up?

Yet she knew somehow that she would. He would come, perhaps, that night and she would tell him frankly that their friendship had come to an end; that it was better so; that he must go back, not so much for the sake of his wife, his children, his home, but for his own sake! He needed that well-ordered existence to keep him steadfast in his work and aims. His wife would give him more companionship now she had learned the lesson. They would be happy. Only on infrequent evenings when he sat in

some other twilight where only her memory could come—over his pipe he would see her face wreathed in smoke and think of this snatch at paradise with a bit of an ache that would be duller and more blurred as the calm years went on. Men were like that—after all.

So when he came she told him. The dream concluded just as she had foreseen. His first thought was to protect his family from publicity and disgrace. It was not a little thing to him—giving up the girl, but the conscience-qualms he had stifled before grew now into serious misgivings about the whole affair. He began to think of honor and duty. Love crept, dismayed, into the background. When he talked with his wife he was awed by her nobility, her divine readiness to forgive and forget his adventure. She had seemed to change, she was more charming, more comradely, franker, warmer. He terminated the irregular relationship and took up his life again at his wife's side. Today their home is without a cloud. The children are growing up surrounded by the love of father and mother, and respected by their associates.

The mistress? Somehow nobody ever knew just what did become of her.

It is worth while to proceed carefully in all matters of domestic relations. The members of this triangle refused to rush madly into the divorce court without considering the outcome or the chances for happiness that lay in the alternative. Haste might have destroyed their perspective—caused them to blunder and to make mistakes which could never be rectified.

The man was of the type who would sooner or later have known devastating regret over casting off a wife who had stood by him in adversity and prosperity alike. He was no soldier of fortune, no tempestuous youth who could cry "All for love!" and abandon himself to a more stormy existence based on the joy of living which his mistress brought him. He would have made her miserable with his misgivings and his fears of the censure of other men.

The wife was not vicious or revengeful, but being extremely conventional, she considered that her conduct in taking him back on the old basis was a sacrifice that fully balanced the sacrifice of the other woman in giving him up.

Perhaps the mistress suffered most; perhaps she was destined to grief, being one of those warm, volatile, self-surrendering temperaments

that "love too well and are too little loved." Certainly she was no ordinary mistress. And it may be as well that the sequel to her story is unwritten. At least she did a great service to one wife in teaching her the valuable secrets of holding a man's love.

For the wife had learned through her bitter lesson that holding a man's love is like holding a position with a big business firm. It never pays to grow too confident. Unless every day is a new striving to give the best in spirit and in service she is likely to learn that her services are no longer needed and the position has another applicant.

Had she insisted on gaining her decree she would have suffered immeasurably when her first resentment had died away. If she had allowed malice to develop in her heart her mind might have become so biased and her judgment so warped that she would have lost her capacity for decision. A large percentage of those who obtain divorce regret their step once it has become irrevocable.

These three people did not allow themselves to be swayed by their emotions alone. While each one experienced deep and poignant emotions, reason was the faculty they exercised.

The wife was rational, first of all, because she went quietly to the other woman before accusing her husband. She did not confront him with statements she could not support by fact. She found out first and decided afterward what her course was to be. Too many people decide first and seek afterwards to substantiate their suspicions. This wife was big enough and square enough to admit the other woman's view of the tangle. She did not allow herself to be governed by insane jealousy. Seeing that the course the mistress proposed would be best for everyone concerned, she forgave as best she could and tried to profit by her new knowledge of what a man desires in a woman.

Although the husband had followed the will-o'-the-wisp of romance in becoming intimate with the girl, he had strength enough to forsake the pursuit when he saw where happiness and duty really lay. As in many cases, the temporary alienation resulted in a greater sympathy and understanding after the breach was spanned. No human being ever endures a period of suffering without emerging with finer, more powerful qualities for the future weathering of life's storms. Perhaps the children marveled at the change in their parents. Perhaps they

wondered why their father was home so much oftener, why he was so sympathetic with their troubles, why he spent so much more of his time now, in companionship with their mother. They no doubt found her gentler, too, more forbearing and responsive.

None of the children would ever know what tragedy had been averted by the common sense solution. They did not guess how close fate had led them to the brink of unhappiness. They were spared the awakening they would have suffered had the home been broken up, the ties severed and the quiet family life discontinued.

Surely no reward for virtue could be more desired than the serenity these three derived from their individual sacrifices. Of all the elements which compose happiness, peace of mind is perhaps the most precious. It can never be obtained by selfishness. It is only secured by constant vigilance and the determination to take, as these three took, the course that yields the greatest good for the greatest number.

CHAPTER XII

DIVORCE

Society has not yet learned discrimination in regard to divorce. It is too prone to attempt the stretching of a general truth over widely varying, concrete situations and has not the wisdom to admit that in innumerable cases even a holy bond loses all sacredness.

The idea must be inculcated in our youth that marriage is a partnership whose vows are never to be treated lightly, that the agreement is not to be broken by whim or misunderstanding, unfounded jealousy or for greed or malice. But young people should not be led to believe some master fate has thrown them into a prison from which no misery or anguish of incompatibility or degradation makes it allowable for them to escape. They must know that divorce is justified in cases when the offense makes happiness impossible. Some evils are of so vicious and vile a nature that a legal separation is the only moral course.

The topic of divorce is no subject for the romantic day dreamer. There is nothing romantic about it. Sentimentality sometimes dis-

torts the perception of the very young or the immature. They must be brought down to practical, every-day existence and meet conditions as they are. Conditions are susceptible to improvement under all circumstances. The belief that marriage constitutes an inexorable fate which it is impossible to reconstruct to one's own advantage is both fallacious and harmful. In a sensible, earnest way one should set about to study actual situations and to frame laws and codes of living for his deepest comfort.

Granting then, that many divorces have a rational basis, the fact still remains that they are often obtained by whim and nothing more, or because two people become antagonistic through pride or humiliation. Perhaps stubbornness has caused more divorces than all other reasons combined. The foundation for the imagined injury is often a trivial disagreement which has developed into an obsession on both sides. In other words, twenty-five per cent of the divorces are obtained without any reasonable or just cause, and of the remaining seventy-five per cent, twenty-five per cent could have been easily reconciled, and it would have been far better to have continued the married life rather than to widen the breach.

If a third person with a sense of humor comes upon the scene and makes the offended parties "see the light" the grounds for divorce cease to be grounds and the lawyer loses a case. The courts of Domestic Relations throughout the country have done incalculable service in patching up domestic relationships by acting as third party in thousands of cases where grounds for divorce were trivial or imaginary. Time and again the judges and social workers serving in these courts have won deep gratitude from the couples who have left the courts with a new idea of the meaning of marriage.

Those who would avoid the divorce courts must bear in mind that they must free the garden of the home from weeds constantly, permitting the flowers of right conduct to grow. If the weeds outnumber the flowers, even the thriving plants are choked out and instead of a garden only a ragged unkempt patch of soil remains. The gardeners dissolve their partnership in the divorce court.

Arguments, misunderstandings, antagonism, dissension—all these are weeds dangerous to the garden of the home. Couples must avoid heated quarrels and quiet differences as well. It is a mistake to smother questions without

answering them or to let doubts and suspicions accumulate in the recesses of the mind. Differences should be settled each day. Sympathy, good humor and understanding are the flowers which the weeds must not be allowed to exterminate.

If a man and a woman find it impossible to live together in harmony it is a good plan for them to agree to live apart for a period of a month or more. During this time they should have as complete freedom as if they were unmarried. Usually at the expiration of this time, they will have discovered that they really care for each other. They will reunite with a firm resolution to live happily in the future. They will be as gardeners presented with a fresh piece of soil to cultivate. Through their experience and quiet reflection during separation, they will have determined which seeds to plant and which to regard as inimicable to contentment.

The qualities that make people failures in marriage are the qualities that make them failures in life. Marital troubles may be traced to the shortcomings of character. The people who fill the divorce courts are so often of the type that holds to the creed of "eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we die!" They are

frivolous, unwilling to labor to retain happiness and have no deep philosophy or code by which to rule their lives.

During all amusements and pleasures it is necessary to preserve that fine perspective that sees the elements of life in their correct value. Losing that balance, the young couples grow artificial in their rating of themselves and their acquaintances, fall speedily into the habit of magnifying trivialities. They quarrel on provocation that to more genuine and stable characters would seem childish.

Fortunately there is another type in whose characters such failings are a negligible quantity. They represent the best class of society having the high moral standards and the unselfishness which enables them to endure conditions or the pride that restrains them from publicly airing their domestic infelicity. These are the individuals who meet life's problems conscientiously and seriously.

There are very few separations among the class of people who believe in marriage and attend church. Conceptions of marriage obligations result from religious faith or lack of it. If people believe that marriage is a sacred, binding contract, ordained by God, Himself, to

unite them until death, they will do everything in their power to safeguard and protect that union. If they think it is a mere civil contract to be broken at will, their obligations will rest lightly upon them.

Religion is a wholesome foundation of a better development. Attending church and listening to a good sermon or being in a religious atmosphere with other people who are endeavoring to become better, has an elevating influence. It may be termed a weekly moral bath, which tones up the moral system.

Association with the stable characters who form the bedrock of our civilization is another need of the young couple. Through companionship with their more experienced elders, they will derive the philosophic mind that is necessary for the endurance of the trials inevitable in any human relationship. A calm, sane, well-balanced attitude toward life, in general, will do much toward preserving the equity of the home. The impulsive, irritable, unstable disposition flies all too steadily into the courts.

The most deplorable feature of the modern divorce is haste. Too many young couples do not realize that while hasty marriages are often matters of regret, quite as many divorces give

room for a leisurely repentance. They let themselves be dragged on and on into sloughs of disagreement and misunderstanding when a frank treatment of the situation would save their happiness.

When a husband has wounded his wife to a certain extent, she is often implacable and will stop at nothing to obtain her revenge. Once having lost her love and confidence, there is no limit to her efforts to punish him.

An illustration of this is the case of a woman who lived twenty years with her husband. They had a son just reaching manhood. The boy was very much attached to both of them. This woman had been a true and faithful wife. In contrast to examples of hasty differences, this wife had been slow to anger. She had endured all her husband's misconduct and had even gone without the necessities of life at times when the income was not sufficient because her husband had selfishly wasted their income. Long after she knew all the facts, she stood by him steadfastly and forgave him the seventy times seven. — Then suddenly she changed, and apparently in one moment decided upon an opposite course. She determined to have a divorce and took steps to have the case

begun. The lawyer was astonished at the vindictiveness of the policy which she desired to pursue. Nevertheless he started the proceedings and carried the case on in the way she desired. From every possible angle the law was invoked against the man. Finally judgments were obtained for alimony, for attorney's fees; court orders were obtained against him with injunctions and he was pursued and persecuted relentlessly until he was ultimately crushed.

Because the husband had been guilty of misdeeds in the past, his wife had the advantage and seemed to win her point. He was so harassed that he became a mental wreck and lost his position. In his despair he begged her attorney for some form of settlement whereby he might be free from the persecution. She refused to listen. The result was that he had to leave the city where he was established and find employment at a small salary elsewhere.

This illustrates what women will do when goaded beyond endurance. Long abused forbearance had turned this wife's love and loyalty into hatred and desire for revenge. While this was an exceptional case, there are others similar to it. In such situations men are more apt to

forgive, either because through experience they realize the frailty of mankind, or because they are conscious that they have not been strictly loyal themselves.

Out of all the divorces that are obtained, there is a large percentage in which the parties would give much if they had never obtained one. Malice and hatred which have arisen over some trivial event in married life have grown in magnitude, for continued brooding on the causes so warps the judgment that capacity for decision is utterly destroyed. In this state of mind couples realize neither what they are doing nor what the result will be. If they have not the good fortune to meet with some adviser who suggests that they calmly look at all the circumstances, they usually are determined to sever their relationship at the first possible moment.

Women when presented with a copy of their decree of divorce often burst into tears. They retain a lawyer and go into the divorce court hoping the other person will beg their forgiveness and the case will never come to trial. But when once in the divorce court, it requires two strong characters to get the case out.

If the lawyer is diplomatic and understands

human nature he will invariably study the situation with care and will not permit his client to file the case. He will postpone the filing of the case from time to time and talk the matter over to bring about a reconciliation if possible.

Although it seems amazing and unbelievable, the fact remains that it is quite possible for one of the married union to be untrue without seeming to love the injured party the less. Many a man who loves his wife finds it almost impossible to resist a pretty face, a bright smile and so in a spirit of adventure, he welcomes this passing fancy. Then follows a luncheon, a dinner, and it is with a real shock that this man realizes he has been untrue to the woman he really loves. He is most repentant, but having once been false, he finds that the second time does not seem so tragic and continues to journey a precarious road. He does not realize the meaning of that all important word "loyalty" and adheres to the code that sin lies in "being found out." This man upon whom the bonds of matrimony rest so lightly is a cheat. He is as much a thief as he who robs a bank, for he has deliberately stolen from his wife her right to faith—the faith which he has so earnestly begged of her to place in him.

There is also the woman to whom the marriage relation instead of seeming sacred and beautiful, is only ugly and evil. She does not understand that the intercourse of marriage is meant to develop great love, that through this perfect love little children may be given to the world. The husband finds that the wife whom he adores looks upon true intimacy only as sin. He prefers not to try to shake her belief and cause her unhappiness. If she finds her husband unfaithful, this wife certainly should feel no surprise.

The wife who nags plays one of the leading parts in cases of infidelity. There are so many women who love their husbands devotedly who do everything within their power to keep them well fed and comfortable, who in fact would be ideal wives were it not for their dreadful nagging. This habit, for it is a habit, can drive a man from home in sheer desperation and often away from the straight and narrow path. Having stood all of the nagging he can with his nerves at a high pitch from his own trying day in town, the husband of the nagging wife leaves the house in a rage which turns to disgust and then to discouragement and loneliness. At the next table to his, in the cafe, is seated a

woman, pretty, young, and above all, possessing a wonderful cheery smile. As a result of this hungry craving of his heart for a kind word and a bright smile, this husband ere long finds his wife divorcing him on the grounds of unfaithfulness.

Let the husband of the nagging wife proceed slowly. Instead of running from his troubles or trying to find comfort elsewhere, he should go to the source of the difficulty and see if there is not something that he can do to change his wife's habits. It may even be possible for him to convert her into a care-free girl again. As to the scolding woman, she must determine, in spite of her own mood, not to let her husband leave for the day with her bitter words uppermost in his mind. If she must have the last word, let her make it a pleasant one. Preferably let her fall back upon the simple statement that she loves him.

The husband who has completely forgotten to tell his wife how sweet and pretty she is, thinks that she does not miss and long for these terms of endearment with which he was so liberal in the courting days. The good-bye kiss in the morning is neglected, the good-night kiss has become non-essential and she, of course, is

far too proud to remind him. Hidden in her heart is a longing for admiration, and for kisses that are warm and sincerely tender. As time goes on the wife begins to feel old, to lose her interest in looking well, to resign herself to that which she thinks must be the average married life. Just at the moment when she is most susceptible, another man appears who shows an interest in her, enjoys her company, and will go out of his way to spend a few moments with her. He talks well, he is young at heart and enthusiastic; he brings out the best in her.

Suddenly this neglected woman discovers that she is not old. Her conversation flows as freely as his—she is clever, even brilliant again. She is intoxicated by feeling young and gay. The friendship grows. She responds to his flattery. They go out together more and more. The inevitable happens. The husband, as he is getting his divorce, wonders why his wife ever proved unfaithful.

One thing is certain—that neither the husband nor the wife ever start out intentionally to be disloyal. Infidelity is almost invariably the result of quarrels or neglect. If the husband and wife each did their utmost always to hold the love of the other, to avoid petty arguments

and never to seem neglectful, these cases of infidelity would diminish.

A normal woman's first desire is to be happily married and to live the life of a wife. In a home she can accomplish miracles in making it happy and enjoyable for the man; on the other hand she can completely wreck its happiness and ruin her husband's disposition. Insinuations and caustic remarks which he often allows to pass unnoticed sting him deeply nevertheless. Even his desire for promoting happiness flees. While a woman makes these remarks thoughtlessly and regrets them the next morning, still the fact that she expresses no regret puts a wedge between them.

Illustrative of this point is the case of one husband whom a creditor sued. This man had a tendency at times to be generous and liked to enjoy a little extra pleasure without regard for the expenditure. His wife was very saving and made spasmodic attempts to practice actual frugality. When he occasionally suggested a little excursion she would invariably refer to the incident of his lawsuit saying that she preferred to pay her bills and forego such extravagance. Her manner when she remarked that she "didn't enjoy being sued for debt" was one

of grim insinuation. Her husband naturally inced at her personal references. He gradually ceased suggesting good times which involved any expenditure and when he went out there- after he went alone.

Many homes are rendered unhappy over just such slighting, cutting remarks. Wives who resort to sarcastic innuendos will always fail to secure sympathy and understanding although their remarks may appear trivial.

Men like to give their wives their own way as long as there is no conflict. The average husband follows the line of least resistance in his home. It is only when the spirit of contention enters that he asserts himself. He encounters annoyance and contention in business. In his home he is looking for peace. He believes in letting his wife assume authority in household matters because he finds it impossible to shoulder added responsibilities. If she is a good, sweet, loving woman, believing that home is her province, her husband is not likely to interfere with her undertakings in that province.

Men as a class have a deep tenderness for women. They realize that women have a hard time even if they do have the best of it in the Courts. Sometimes they are disposed to help

a woman at the sacrifice of justice. They are apt to excuse her offenses, believing that as a class they are indirectly the first cause of her wrongdoing.

Women should determinedly avoid the friction that will result from burdening their husbands with too much detail. It is foolish to argue about a matter of minor importance. Most matters in the home are of such minor importance they are not worth quarreling over at any time. If possible a wife should allow a busy husband to follow his own inclinations when he is tired. If he fails to reach a decision at once in a matter which is not urgent, she should let it go until the next day. In a question of finances, she should be sufficiently diplomatic to prepare her husband's mind to accept her version. She must approach it gradually, at the psychological moment, when she sees that it is apt to be considered favorably. It is best to give him an opportunity to think it over rather than to demand an immediate decision. Demands are generally irritating so let her make her request in the form of suggestions. If she says, "Let us do this," her request implies that they are working together and that the suggestion is for their mutual advantage.

The most critical part of the whole twenty-four hours for husbands and wives is the early morning between the time the husband arises and says goodbye to go to business. If this short period can be handled successfully, the evening will take care of itself. A fixed rule of the household should be good humor in the morning. Let the wise wife not be afraid to humor a man at that time. Let her give careful attention to the details of the breakfast, its cooking and serving. Wives little realize the importance of this suggestion.

A man gets up in the morning with his mind on his business and if he can leave his home in a happy frame of mind he is in better condition psychologically to meet the responsibilities of his daily work. An atmosphere of peace and comfort aids his digestion, keeps him healthy. If he is met by some unkind remark upon arising, he leaves the house with a feeling of resentment, indifference and carelessness. He is more vulnerable to the arrows of life.

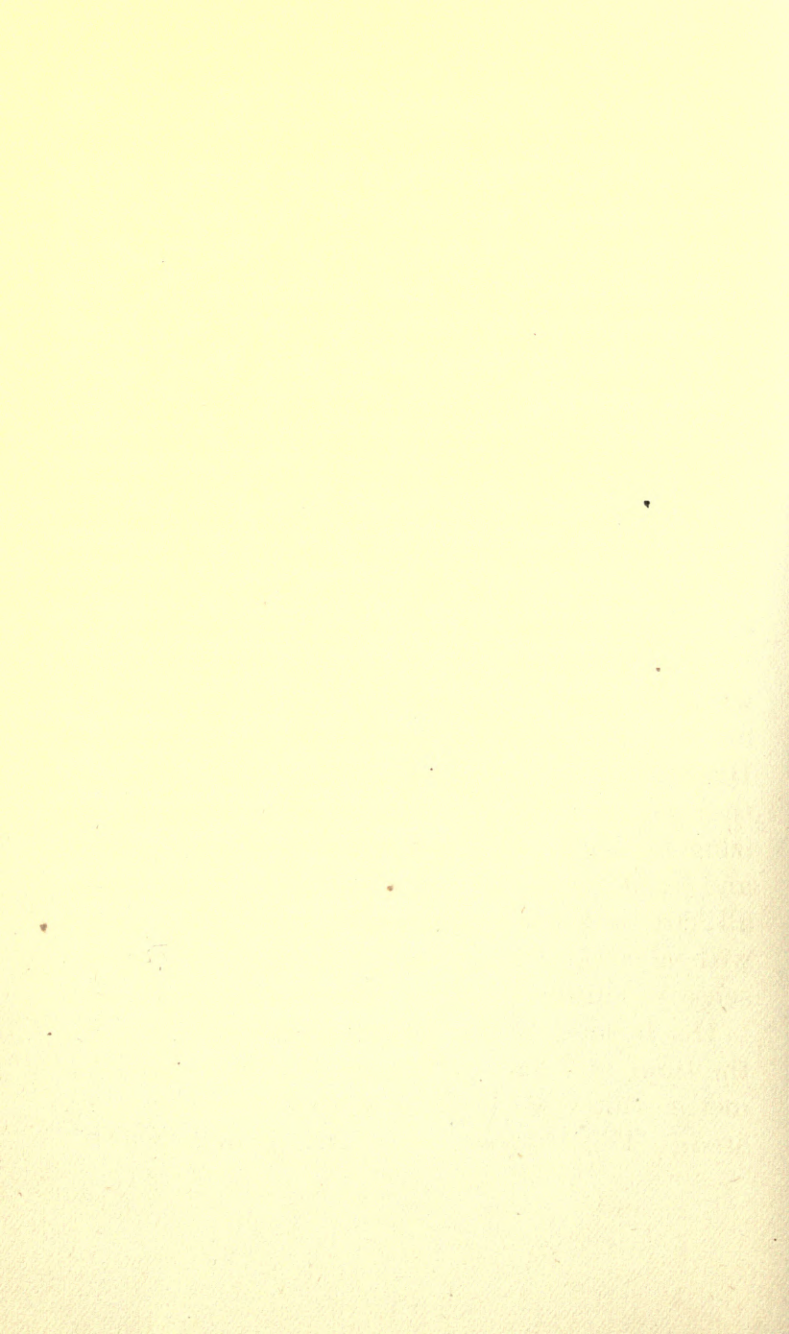
Many couples struggle through life together, never taking steps toward separation when they both experience discontentment in their daily association. The well-known epitaph which one wife put on her husband's tombstone contains

all the irony of such a relationship: "Rest in peace until we meet again."

We shall never reach a state of society in which men and women will not wish separation. There will always be cases of hopeless incompatibility, and since human nature is often unstable and inexplicable, many situations arise suddenly to disturb the serenity of the most placid relationships.

Men and women who seek for happiness in marriage are as little children who build their houses along the seashore. Some rush joyously to the very edge of the waves and construct their castles there. The first wave washes their frail handiwork away and the children flee, frightened, from the beach. Others gather pebbles and amass a great pile in some inlet where the waves cannot destroy it, but where the constant rush of waters keeps lapping at its foundations. They are always in terror lest the house they have made be ruined at last. Still others brave the precarious beach with strong hearts and with patience, knowing that as often as the little castles are endangered they must struggle to protect them. They labor happily without illusions, and it is in the very labor of the building that they find their reward

for the toil. They know that nothing in life is permanent and that the elements of love change with each shifting year. They think of marriage not as a static institution but as a state renewed for every day—as if they heard the ceremony pronounced over them afresh each morning.



CHAPTER XIII

STORIES OF THE COURTS

Many cases which come into the courts are of unusual character for each has circumstances surrounding it which remove it from the ordinary. The story of a man, contented with his wife during their early struggle, and dissatisfied with her during newly gained prosperity—that story is familiar to all of us. But this true incident founded on the old plot has a few interesting deviations:

The man came from a small town to the city, where through energy and effort he rose in his business and became a strong factor in politics. His wife was devoted to him and apparently they were congenial, but success had a demoralizing influence on him in respect to his family and home. Through his policy of manipulating all circumstances to his personal advantage, with absolute selfishness, he gradually lost all sense of duty and responsibility.

His business kept him from home most of the time, and during the course of his work he met a widow with whom he constantly associated. This widow, a designing and selfish

woman, was unceasingly laying plans to better her own station in life. Realizing his prominence, she exerted all her powers to win his admiration and affection. She was sufficiently clever to accomplish her end so that he soon became entirely subservient to her. He determined deliberately to secure release from his wife by making their home life unpleasant, and at last he induced her to move from the apartment where they lived.

He promised that he would join her, but took up his residence in another part of the city, laying his plans for a divorce to be obtained by either of them. The necessary two years elapsed when he induced his wife to obtain a divorce on the grounds of desertion. He arranged for sufficient alimony to support her and soon afterwards married the designing widow.

The marriage continued for a short interval only. Very soon she displayed her true character. He quickly discovered her cold-hearted selfishness and lack of true affection. The disappointment in finding that their relationship was entirely different from the dreams and anticipations he had entertained, brought him to his senses. Regretfully he realized how unfairly he had treated his wife and how their son

had suffered from the humiliation. His awakening came too late. When he made an effort towards a reconciliation, he found he had lost his former wife's love and confidence. There was nothing to do but to separate from his second wife as quickly as possible. She used her position to great advantage in forcing him to a liberal settlement.

One case which arose over a misunderstanding between a young husband and his wife illustrates the regret that is often mutual after the decree is granted. The girl was determined to go through with the proceedings because she felt she could no longer endure her husband's incessant jealousy. She was guilty of no misdemeanor and was heartsick over the unfairness of his doubt and suspicion. The young husband—really no more than a boy—knew that his wife was not guilty of unfaithfulness or even of indiscretion. He knew that the accusations he had made in a sudden fit of anger were unjust. But he had determined stubbornly that he would not retract, and so the breach had widened and neither found it possible to bridge it.

They both appeared in the courtroom, avoiding each other's eyes, and giving their evidence in low, unhappy voices. The decree was

granted. They left the courtroom separately, each dazed and numb from the sudden realization that the actual parting of their ways had come.

The girl went to their apartment intending to collect a few personal effects she had not yet removed. Just as she entered the hallway, she saw her husband standing in their room holding in his hand a little clock they had received for a wedding present. The clock had ticked on her dressing table for every day of their married life. He stood, now, gazing at it with all the remorse he felt over their separation plainly revealed in his unguarded look. She stopped, and for a moment there was a long silence. He suddenly raised his head, and across the little clock that ticked on so steadily, reminding them of the old, innumerable details of their past companionship, their eyes met with an exchange of confession.

Almost unconsciously, as if forced into speech by a tumultuous rush of emotion, he called her an old, familiar pet name—a foolish little name that no one else had ever heard. All the sullenness and silence of the past months slipped away and the chasm that had widened between them vanished. They drew together and brokenly ex-

plained just how their misunderstandings had come about.

As simply as two children, they decided that the whole affair had been only a tragic nightmare and that their only course now was honestly to admit their mistake and again take up life together where it had left off. Only through the stern experience of the crisis through which they had passed were they able to acknowledge the folly of their stubbornness and the real depth of their love.

Men and women dislike doing the thing that is thrust upon them. Human nature reacts unpleasantly even to pleasure if it becomes a matter of necessity rather than choice. One husband who used this piece of psychology for the purpose of revenge effected a subtle and unusual retaliation.

Coming home one night unexpectedly, he found beyond a doubt that his wife was unfaithful to him. Neither she nor the man attempted to deny their guilt. The husband did not conduct himself after the usual fashion of indignant husbands. Seating himself, he mused quietly, even smilingly upon the situation.

The other two people found it more difficult to recover their composure, for his pleasant

calm seemed to forebode some unguessed vengeance. What was their surprise, however, to hear him say, "So you love each other? You shall have every opportunity to be together. I shall not annoy you. I shall proceed at once to divorce my wife. And you, Sir," to the man, "shall marry her and live here in this house."

At the weak expostulations and confused queries from the pair, he walked to his desk, took out a revolver and toyed with it while he continued outlining in detail his plan for their future. He would brook no suggestions or excuses, nor listen to their request for time to think the proposition over.

He kept his word. The divorce was granted, and the woman and the other man went to live in the old home. They did not go rejoicing, with triumph over the success of their *liaison*, but quietly and with ill-concealed discomfiture. Every room, every piece of furniture, each book and bit of statuary, the desk, the rugs, and the former husband's study from which he had removed nothing, reminded them of the past. They were unhappy, but they were afraid to show their discontentment on account of the threatening remarks with which their self-

appointed benefactor had chosen to remind them of their duty to each other. Forced into the marriage, they experienced utter regret over the step. The husband was revenged through his recognition of the fact that nobody wants to do what he has to do.

More than one climax in married life has come abruptly with no previous preparation on the part of either person for the inevitable break. Very often outsiders are aware of the situation before the wronged husband or wife has an inkling of the truth about affairs. A young and beautiful girl married an artist who loved her as much as any woman could desire. They had one son. Everything seemed to indicate that the happiness of their home was firmly grounded.

This young married woman appeared, however, to be irresponsible in regard to her moral obligations and her home. One summer, visiting at a fashionable resort, her conduct was so shocking that she was asked to leave the hotel. Her name became a by-word on account of her shameless affairs with various men. At last she made the acquaintance of a wealthy young fellow with whom she fell desperately in love. From that time on she seemed to be entirely

indifferent as to what she did and concealed nothing.

Her infidelity and disloyalty were known to all her acquaintances long before her husband had any realization of what had been taking place. Finally, one evening, while at a party with her lover, she was slightly injured in an automobile accident and the resulting publicity revealed the situation to her husband.

The shock was so great that he was ill for some time. He could not believe that she was guilty. After he realized the truth beyond any question of doubt, he took steps for a separation. Within two years he obtained a divorce on the grounds of desertion, rather than prefer charges of infidelity against her, on account of their son. This husband had loved his wife deeply; he felt her loss as much as any man ever felt the loss of a beloved woman. He never succeeded in completely overcoming his sorrow.

The woman seemed entirely heartless. She afterwards married her lover, and their life together was one of miserable recrimination and wrangling from its beginning. Their incompatibility did not result from an ironic thrust of fate, but simply from the instability of the woman's character. She had not profited from

the opportunities for culture and refinement which life had always afforded her, but showed only superficiality and restlessness. It seemed impossible for her to be faithful to anyone.

Again we have instances in which blame cannot definitely be placed upon either the man or the woman. This is the story of a wife who understood and sympathized and eased the path to happiness for her husband, yet lost that trail to happiness herself:

One day she was convinced by the look in his eyes that he loved the young girl who had been a guest at their home all summer while she studied for the opera. She knew, too, that as a man of integrity and unusual honor he would never let her know how his spirit had suddenly and inexplicably transferred its allegiance. The young girl was so ingenuous and so youthfully puzzled by the strange new happiness she was experiencing that she scarcely understood her own heart. She was *naively* thrilled at being a *protegee* of this well-known pianist. Her eyes followed him about the room and she trembled whenever he was near her. In their look when they talked of the music in which they were both intensely interested, the wife read the irrevocable story of their newly awakened love.

Long ago before she had married, this woman had refused the love of a young lawyer who had known and admired her from childhood. Now she consulted him about her situation. A month later when her husband returned from a trip, he found as if placed inadvertently upon his desk, a love letter written to his wife by her former suitor. The pianist used the letter as evidence in obtaining his divorce, and it was not until later that he learned the truth; his wife did not love the lawyer nor did she intend to marry him as the letter intimated. She had desired the separation solely for the happiness of her husband, knowing that his spirit did not belong to her, and that only in the companionship of the lovely young girl with whom he was so fascinated, could he attain his finest achievement in his profession of music.

An interesting case that appeared in court concerned a wayward wife whose admiring and indulgent husband had given her every luxury. She had drifted gradually into the habit of accompanying women friends to smart cafes where they became acquainted with strange young men and drank intoxicating liquors. One attachment she formed was with a very handsome young chap who held her interest for several weeks.

While they were sitting at a table in a party of friends one afternoon, the young man began idly to inspect two of her large diamond rings. She was under the influence of liquor and it did not occur to her to demand their immediate return. A short time later her escort asked to be excused and left the table.

An hour passed and he did not reappear. The rest of the party drifted away, and she was in agony. It dawned on her that he had taken her diamonds. It also dawned on her that she knew practically nothing about him, his business address, nor perhaps his right name. She was confronted immediately with the problem of how to explain the absence of her rings to her husband, or how she could obtain duplicates so that suspicion might be averted.

Arriving home in a very excited and nervous condition, she went to bed and left word for her husband that she had a severe headache. He returned a little early that evening and on going to her room discovered that she had been drinking. She complained that she had taken a little brandy when she returned home to revive her from her feeling of weakness after a hard day of shopping. Something in her manner aroused his suspicions, and when he made in-

quiry as to what she had purchased, one lie after another only weakened her alibi. His look fully expressed his disapproval of her conduct.

"I am sorry," he said, quietly, "I simply do not believe what you are saying," and he went to his room. All night long his thoughts were occupied with his wife. Had she been untrue to him? He had provided her with a good home, believed her contented and happy. Did he deserve such treatment? The more he thought the more suspicious he became. In his jealous fancy he tortured himself with mental pictures of her infidelity. Little, half-forgotten incidents came to his mind to corroborate his dreads until in the morning he was convinced his wife was unfaithful.

He visited her before leaving for the city and requested her to remain at home during the day. She insisted that she must go downtown. He demanded to know why and she had no reason to give.

"If you cannot tell why you have to go downtown," he said coldly, "I must conclude you have some motive for going. I will leave you, however, to do as you please and we'll talk it over tonight when I get back."

In the evening on his way home, for the first

time in his life he read the personals in the papers, his eyes falling on this advertisement: "Liberal reward will be paid for the two diamond rings, one $2\frac{1}{2}$ karats, the other $1\frac{3}{4}$ karats taken by accident. No questions will be asked. Address _____."

The description of the diamonds tallied with the appearance of his wife's two rings.

He conducted himself in so pleasant and ordinary a manner that evening that his wife was reassured. But on the following morning he answered her advertisement. She immediately replied to his letter and begged the writer to arrange to meet her when she would pay liberally. Having at last learned the unfortunate truth, he was broken in spirit.

Hoping that through some unforeseen explanation even her innocence might be proved, he concluded to bide his time and see whether there was a possibility of saving her from complete exposure, dreading publicity, and wishing to forgive her and spare her. She, in the meantime, was straining every nerve and effort to obtain sufficient money to pay the reward or to solve the problem in some satisfactory way. In her distress, she called on one of her women friends to ask her help, but met only with a cool

refusal. In her desperation she consulted a lawyer who advised her that unless there was something more than the loss of her rings in the matter she should confess all and settle the matter at once. He endeavored to make her tell him all the facts. She failed to divulge the entire truth, leaving out the most important phase of the case.

In the meantime the husband had retained a detective agency and was gradually learning facts which proved beyond a doubt that there was something more than the loss of the rings. At last he could stand the strain no longer and confronted her with the matter, not telling her what he knew. She confessed to the loss of the rings and stated she had met this young man several times, but that was all.

He begged her for a full confession as the only basis on which he could forgive. She pretended to make a confession, but did not tell all. He knew she was lying. All the love he had had for her turned to hate. The spirit of revenge took possession of him. He resolved to leave her and to prosecute her to the limit of the law. His attorney accumulated sufficient evidence to warrant starting divorce proceedings.

There was never a more pathetic case in the

divorce courts. The wife realized too late that she loved her husband. She could not understand how he had changed so that a stubborn determination to punish her controlled his actions. When the evidence was given at the trial, the witnesses swore to her intoxication in the company of men at various times and to the fact that one afternoon she had gone to a hotel. The court granted a decree against her without alimony, leaving her homeless and penniless with a record against her that would handicap the rest of her life.

The husband in this case was not entirely blameless. He was at fault in not learning the road his wife was traveling sooner, and in not taking a firm, unwavering course of action before it was too late.

There are times when it is necessary for husband or wife to call the other to account,—moments when only a climax can help the erring one to see the folly of continuing a downward path, and to make a radical change in habits and conduct. If a man or woman is certain that the other is pursuing a policy detrimental to the best interests of the home, it becomes a duty of love to take a determined stand. Only harm results from wavering and weakness.

Sternness is often the only attitude which calls forth a response. When one is weak, the other must show added strength. Only by such drastic measures can the precious and ennobling elements of their love and their home life be rescued from degrading chaos.

CHAPTER XIV

HOME

There is a vast amount of discussion regarding the housing proposition, in other words, the question of a house to live in—a place of abode. A home is another problem. Why not a discussion anent the homing proposition? Although the expressions are used loosely as interchangeable, the word “home” bespeaks elements that an abode does not. The home is the atmosphere pervading and impregnating the house.

From the home emanates an influence felt by a nation, society,—the world! The home is the basic unit of the nation and as the home is, so will the nation be. If we regard our national life as a chain, of which the homes are the links, then our national strength can be no greater than our weakest link, our poorest home. Fortunately for us, our nation is more like a twisted cable, in which the imperfect fibres may weaken the rope, without causing it to break. But whatever the figure, the fact remains that in a crisis, the power of our laws, the uplifting force of our churches, and the enlightening influence of our schools, will operate in exactly the degree

of efficiency to which we have developed the average home. The qualities a land inculcates and encourages in her homes, will return inexorably to gauge that land's progress or degradation. By license, debauchery and crime, Nero inculcated and developed in Rome a disdain for home life. He mocked the wholesomeness of family love and loyalty. And inevitably this mockery returned like a boomerang, felled its Caesar and ruined the "grandeur that was Rome" forever.

Around this sacred institution of marriage an imaginary circle should be drawn. In this holy sanctuary of peace, harmony and love, nothing in the outside world should be permitted to interfere. Everything should be sacrificed to the preservation of that home's happiness. Family harmony should be the first consideration of those who exist within the magic circle, whether they be old or young. Happiness, when all is said and done, seems to continue as the purpose of our lives. The state of mind conducive to contentment can never be where discord and dissension hold sway. No success in life, financial, political or otherwise, equals the success of having established a home where love and affection reign.

With most people, the sweetest memories of their life are of home. No song will so readily bring tears to the eyes of even the most seasoned, as one of home and mother. Our deepest, most tender, most innocent sentiments have root in the idea of home. Regardless of the discomforts we endured in it, or the sorrows we experienced, the thought of it is a "fond recollection." When fathers and mothers realize that it lies in their power to stamp their children's minds with images whose beauty and sweetness have power against all the bitter experiences of after life, the business of homemaking will loom as the first duty of citizens.

While we have undoubtedly drifted far from this ideal through the tendencies of the time, nevertheless the thought dwells deeply in all of us that we would like to return again to the simple dwellings of our childhood. In the hearts of all men and women there is a secret, slumbering desire to create a home for themselves, a home in the fullest sense of the word, founded on the love of husband and wife, with children growing up reflecting that mutual love.

Nothing in this world is without its compensations and we must pay for what we have, but the price we pay for rearing children is small in

comparison to the returns. Of course, those who watch children grow and mature, meet with many disappointments but the pleasure parents have in their children more than repays them for their sacrifices. If our best modern thought could achieve a readjustment of our sense of values, and bring us back to an appreciation of the simple pleasures of life, which are the substantial and lasting joys, it would confer upon the driven world a God-given blessing. Observing the different classes of people and studying their modes of life, we have any number of examples which will convince the normal mind that the only true and happy way to live life is to establish a home as near to the ideal as possible: Indeed, whether we believe in the immortality of the soul or not, we must concede that in leaving behind us children who reflect the best we found in life, we achieve immortality.

Not long ago the statement was made by an intelligent young woman that in a hundred years there would be no marriages; that there would be a state of free lovers and the children would be cared for by the nation. This is undoubtedly a condition which will never be realized in any civilized country. In fact, there is already a re-

action setting in which tends toward just the opposite direction. The young people of today are more serious about their love affairs. They seem to have in mind a home, a real home with children. They want to settle down to the quiet old-fashioned family life of former days.

The servant question is one of the most serious problems of married life in America today. The scarcity of domestic help interferes with home life, and since anything that menaces the home disintegrates society, the domestic problem becomes a public concern, demanding organized effort for its solution.

It is difficult to rear children without servants. It is almost impossible for a housewife to carry on her household duties efficiently and at the same time bring up a family. Many families which cannot obtain servants take up hotel life although few parents wish to bring up their children in hotels. There are many apartments in which children are prohibited. This policy is unsocial, not to say criminal. We should have national legislation to encourage immigration of domestic servants so that wages would cease to be prohibitive to people who have dire need of domestic help.

What is the ultra-modern home? Look in on

one of the typical scenes enacted by a New York family. The setting is a New York cafe. The father and son lounge at the table waiting for the mother and daughter who are delayed at a tea dance. When the women rush in at last, the men half rise from their seats with a grudging attempt at chivalry. They drink their cocktails and the head of the family passes the cigarettes while they wait for the next course. The four members of the family blow smoke in each other's faces, ill-humoredly criticizing the service and the food. The daughter leaves before the dessert is served to join a party of young people at another table. The son remembers an engagement and hurries out before the demi-tasse appears. After taking his wife to their hotel, the husband departs for his club.

Each lives his life apart from the others. They lack the common interest of the home to bind them together. Dazzled by the glamour of the artificial they are neglecting all the finer and more genuine possibilities for happiness which life may hold.

Now consider the picture of the ideal American home. What can be more charming than its atmosphere of *camaraderie*? Every room in the place has endeared itself to the family

through some delightful incident. They recount reminiscences sitting about the glowing grate on crisp nights.

"Do you remember the time ——" begins someone and every member can add a detail to the recounting. Dad, who is pretending to read by the library table, but has not turned a single page, looks up. "And the time I thrashed Junior for going duck hunting?" he interrupts.

"I always thought you were unjust," says Moms, smiling at him around the corner of her armchair.

The controversy begins. Argument is an undeniable talent in the great American home. From Junior to Dad each one has contributed all the sallies and rejoinders of good humored repartee. Often the voices all chime in at once. Someone grows tangled up with his grammar. The original debate swerves to orthography. The great, thumbled, dog-eared dictionary is dragged to the fireside and the pages turned with alacrity by the Member-who-is-always-right. The point is proved. Down with the offender! He is made to pay a forfeit—a fine dropped in the Nippon bowl where a fund to buy old Jip a new collar is accumulating desultorily.

Ten-thirty! The protesting Junior is hustled off by the Bigger Twin. He may be heard mumbling his prayers on the stairway as he trudges away—"to save time" he explains sleepily. "'N God bless everybody and my rabbits," he concludes after the fashion of Tiny Tim.

Moms is covertly trying to skim the last chapter of her novel but she is cornered by Eldest Daughter who wants to confide in whispers exactly what He said coming home from the theatre, last night. The tale she tells is more thrilling than the novel. Moms lets her book slide unnoticed to the floor while she lives again her own first proposal. She catches the eye of Dad and they exchange twinkles. When the children are finally in bed, these middle aged companions will sit a moment by the hearth reviving memories of their own.

Could any contentment be more complete than theirs, surrounded as they are by the fulfillment of their youthful dreams? Could any lives have attained greater perfection, truer nobility than the lives of these two who have desired peace rather than fame, quiet prosperity rather than riches, refinement rather than ostentation? They are progressive yet wholesomely

old fashioned; the comrades of their children and yet their just guardians. It is their pride that the home rings every day with the laughter of the "younger set." These two will never grow old for they rekindle their enthusiasm daily by constant association with youth. Life has meant to them moderation in all things. They are not brilliant. They are unknown in the world of men. Yet they have achieved here in their own home the democracy of the altruist's dreams. It is the democracy of a group that makes its own laws and administers its own penalties. None of its citizenry is too weak to receive recognition. Each lives his own life unmolested so long as he does not involve sacrifice of the others' good. It differs from any other democracy in that each of the group bears love for the others. Love is the cornerstone. Without it the whole shining edifice would topple to the ground.

CHAPTER XV

CHILDREN

The young of any animal is more lovable and more fascinating than the adult. The young of any race possesses an indefinable charm that is lost in the matured being. Very often this charm falls short of beauty but seldom of allurements. Perhaps in their very helplessness and imperfection babies hold for us their unfailing attraction. Because they can make no demands they are the little despots whose every wish is granted unquestioningly.

We love children because we serve them and those who serve them most love them most. Parents believe this service to be unselfish, but it is really performed for the satisfaction of an instinct too strong to be denied. The bird who tends her young so faithfully is only a mechanism constructed to act that way, incapable of acting any other way.

Men and women believe they choose to have children, to love and tend them, but their conduct is ruled by their instincts. Fathers and mothers will perform the rites of parenthood until doomsday.

Human beings are, however, endowed with an amount of intelligence that makes freedom of will possible to them after a certain law of determinism is satisfied. Instinct which is fulfilled by the bearing and rearing of children, steps aside and allows the man and woman who have brought them into the world to exercise any number of varied emotions and reactions regarding the young.

The father and mother see in their children images of themselves. They are intrigued by the curious workings of the little minds they have called into being. A strange egotism possesses parents concerning their children. A pride in these new acquisitions stirs their hearts, as they look upon their offspring. The combinations of qualities that evince themselves in children are so varied that each little being has its own personality which begins to make itself felt immediately. The bent of that personality depends, largely, it is thought, upon the first seven years or so of the child's life. Parents cannot feel too deeply the importance of training in these years. The guidance of the young mind is a solemn responsibility. Every parent should understand a few of the facts about the way in which such a development takes place.

When this new person is born it has little or no reactions to the world. When it first becomes aware of objects about it, it reacts with a new function—consciousness. The baby finds no meaning in the world. The bright ball somebody dangles over its crib is not, as it is to the adult, a toy, a plaything to serve the purpose of amusement. The first meaning the ball has is through the sensation of sight. Then touch tells the groping mind that the ball is soft. Taste is the informant as to whether the plaything is good to eat or not. The infant hears it fall and may or may not connect it with the dull, bouncing sound. When the ball again appears it has meaning. The round, red object stands now for a jumble of significance. Vaguely it becomes: something-soft-nice-to-look-at-not-good-to-eat. The fire which is at first merely pleasing to the eye becomes: something-that-will-burn-me-if-I-touch-it.

These are now in the child's brain, constituting the meaning the object possesses. Experience places new significance in the surroundings. The more meanings each object possesses the more intelligence the child has developed. Realizing a few of these simply psychological workings of the new-born consciousness, the

father and mother must set to work to establish the best possible mental background for the child. They cannot change the inherited tendencies but can direct them into proper channels.

If the child is left to himself his own instincts are more likely to lead him aright than if all his tendencies are strictly disciplined. He will form friendships of which the parents disapprove, questioning the worthiness of those he loves. Yet the child is as often right as the adult. He is no more frequently disillusioned than his father and mother. He bases his faith and loyalty on deep qualities of character that are invisible to the sophisticated who judge by superficialities of conduct. This incident of a child who formed an attachment for a so-called profligate shows how this innate discernment is often exercised.

In the old opera house of a little country town there was always a real "show" when some band of players included the village in its itinerary. On a certain occasion there was to be both an evening and matinee performance and all the boys and girls in the town had tickets and were ready to go a full two hours ahead of time.

Just one solitary little soul stood in front of the

theatre with his hands deep in his empty pockets, a downcast look on his face and despair in his heart as he watched the crowd stream through the door. He would gladly have sold his eligibility to the presidency of the United States for fifty cents.

The man who noticed the boy was the son of one of the "best families" but he had won the reputation of being a sport. In short, the Rebecca Sewing Circle had pronounced the dreadful sentence (in whispers)—that he was—fast! They gossiped across the tidies they embroidered for the Annual Grand Bazaar that this questionable young man had been seen drinking something stronger than cherry pop; that he had been seen in the rear of a cigar store playing poker! They pronounced him, therefore, with pleasurable sadness, socially "unfit."

This young man, nearing the disconsolate lad, smiled and said,

"What are you looking so grouchy about this afternoon, anyway?"

"Whaddyou care?" returned the little chap quickly, thinking he was being teased.

"Well, I care but I'm not going to tell why. I'm just saying that you're a queer kind of a fellow, standing out here when all that excite-

ment is beginning in there. Don't you want to see Little Eva flying up to Heaven on cheese-cloth wings? Don't you want to see Eliza crossing the ice?"

For a moment the child's eyes lighted up and then a cloud crossed his small, grimy face.

"Sure, I hear the band startin'! But—what's that to me?"

The young man had to turn his head aside to conceal his sympathetic smile. "Why isn't it anything to you, son?"

The urchin dug his great toe into the gray dust. "I—I just don't think I'll go in to see it. That's all."

"If it isn't any trouble," continued the man gravely, "I'd like, from a point of curiosity, to find out why your taste is above the matinee?"

The boy did not understand the high-sounding question but suddenly with a great sob cluttering his throat he blurted out,

"Doggone it, I ain't got no money! My dad's sore at me."

In an instant he was looking at a big, round, shiny half dollar that swift fingers had pressed into his willing hand.

"You go in and see that show. I can't go,

but you see it for me and tell me all about it when it's over."

Just for a minute the little chap stood there, his eyes shining with an unbelieving, overwhelming gratitude.

"Honest, Mister, honest? Can I? I'll pay you back when dad—"

"Forget it and go on, you little rascal," chuckled his benefactor, turning suddenly away because his eyes were moistly shining too.

The boy was through the swinging door and up the steps four at a time clutching the money as no miser had ever clutched his bag of gold.

As years passed on the young man provoked innumerable appellations in the elite sewing circles. He was known to them variously as a "black sheep," a "wanderer from the fold," an "ungrateful son," a "drunken gambler." Yet he had one staunch friend always ready to defend him, to risk incurring suspicion through such defense, to battle for him and prove loyal to him in the conviction that the cause was just. And no doubt that cause was just, for a heart that has sympathy for the sorrows of childhood can never be unregenerate.

The young man died at an early age as only the very good and the very wicked do. At his

funeral one mourner stood apart from the rest even as the young man had stood apart from the indifferent crowd on the day of the opera house matinee. That mourner was nursing loving memories and sincerest regrets. He had lost a friend who personified to him nobility and generosity. He was, perhaps, musing that "kind hearts are more than coronets" for such is the memory that children have of those who sympathize with them in their childish troubles. And these impressions are the ones which remain steadfast throughout life.

While all children differ just as all adults differ they have, of course, many characteristics in common. They are, more than all, little savages with much of the primitive in their untrained breasts. It is useless to thrust too much artificiality, too much civilization upon them at the outset. It is best to let that primitiveness take its course in its natural love of bright beads and feathers, its acquisitiveness, its instinct toward self-preservation which often manifests itself in fighting, its buoyancy and love of the herd.

Physical, spiritual and mental selves (separated merely for the sake of discussion) must be symmetrically developed. If stress is to be

placed upon one it should be the physical. The future intellectual life and the disposition depend so much on the physical well being that the cultivation of a strong body should be the paramount aim.

In order to determine what attitude to take the parents must study their own children's personalities. No laws can be laid down for the training of these youngsters beyond the rule that there can be no set rule. Old fashioned parents sought to make one sound axiom apply to varied natures and often made sorry failures of the result.

Each person can corroborate this truth by a swift contemplation of the children he has known. There is nothing more delightful than to make the acquaintance of many children, taking time to study them and making an honest effort to win their approval. How pleasurable it is to reflect on them—little creatures exercising their own individual hopes and longings, following out their tiny ambitions and plans!

There is the little sturdy rascal, with round, hard cheeks and fat, solid body, whose solemnity and intensity of concentration on a new idea endear him. He is the child who holds up two

fingers while he talks, weaving strange exaggerated tales about great dogs he has conquered and wounds he has suffered. His mischief is so original that it is piquant. He expresses his inclinations toward art by squeezing out the tooth paste in quaint designs on the window ledge. He cuddles down with a warm content on a friendly lap. In his seemingly angelic dreams he is no doubt conjuring up new adventures with dogs and exciting designs to be executed in tooth paste on the morrow.

There is the little girl with golden curls and wide blue eyes who seems at first glance too "wise and good for human nature's daily food." But a further look at her whimsical mouth explains this curly-head in action. She wears rompers, overalls, or Indian suits; she coasts pell-mell in her wagon, lying flat on her stomach; she jeers at the other little girls, plays ball with the boys instead of nursing her dolls.

And there is the more elusive child who does not respond to the ordinary friendship. She is shy with grownups and seems not to understand her playfellows. She delights in the creations of her own brain, in the dream-children she conjures out of some mystic fairyland. The passers-by are surprised to find her talking to

herself and she is overcome with shame if they hear her. She is often crushed by the lack of understanding in her elders. It is just her fate to be forced by some unsympathetic guardian into prim manners and ugly clothes. When some grown-up has her in tow she appears uninteresting and almost stupid. On a railroad train she sits looking out of the window dressed in her ugly brown coat and angular hair ribbon, seemingly lifeless and reserved. But the eyes of a child lover bring a quick response in her wistful little face. She sees ogres and fairies and goblins in the scenery the train flashes past. Hoping for no response from her elders she lives within herself. Potentially an artist or a poet, by the constant crushing of her imagination she is doomed to mediocrity.

There is the "regular boy." He is the rude fellow who robs the orchards, thumbs his nose, and outrages silk-hatted old gentlemen. The world would be a dreary place without him. His hands are potential fists; his mouth was made for shrill, blood curdling whistles. Books, manners and girls he despises, and his fund of cynicism and sarcastic repartee seems demoniacal. Yet he is as imaginative as his fanciful little sister—peopling his dream world with

moustached villains, detectives and doughty heroes. His large front teeth are the most prominent of his features. He chews monstrous cuds of gum, dotes on warts, haunts vacant lots and dump heaps and lives for adventure.

How mistaken parents are who try in their stupid fashion to make these young individuals conform to stodgy conventions! The only safe course is carefully to guide the most salient tendencies of these youngsters into right channels. To try to change their natures is to tamper with rare and precious qualities that may contain the essence of future worth and achievement. These youthful personalities are necessarily different from the personalities of those who begot them. Crushed, they are mere rags of humanity; mocked and ruled harshly, they rush off at tangents that may react dangerously upon society. Developed by sympathetic suggestions, they gain in strength and return safe and sure, to the childhood hearth, full of gratitude for the wise parents who helped them take those breathless flights into the rare atmosphere of character.

Too many mothers and fathers impress upon their children that youth is always wrong and

that the sooner it is done the better. The boys and girls are more impressionable than their guardians dream. Every day they are piling up vast storehouses for future use. The memories of a happy childhood will sustain them like no other mental equipment. Let them have a joyous, carefree period to look back upon when life has become stale and boresome or complex and perilous.

No story can better express the lamentable attitude of age and youth toward each other than the fable of Stevenson in which he relates this unsympathetic conversation of the tadpole and the frog:

"Be ashamed of yourself," said the frog. "When I was a tadpole I had no tail."

"Just what I thought!" said the tadpole. "You never were a tadpole."

The father who has grown hopelessly old and grounded in his own philosophy forgets that he ever had follies and the son, cynical as youth always is, reflects that his parent never was a boy!

It is this lack of understanding which causes children to grow away from their parents. Very often the feeling that they are "misunderstood" is but a natural emotion of adolescence

soon outgrown and merely childish in its conception. The sensitive boy or girl is apt to resent the least correction and the most kindly criticism. Parents must accept this fault for what it is worth and seek to regard the foibles of maturing youth as mere stages of growth.

It is foolish to construe the whims of the very young as serious developments for they pass like the light showers of April. The sadness, the hopelessness, the moodiness of youth indicate no actual gloominess of temperament. The young do not understand themselves. They are often in terror about life, often disillusioned, having no philosophy as yet, and little tolerance. Their elders must seek to combine an indulgence for them with a deep sympathy. While recognizing that youthful hopes and dreams often fade, the parents must treat each successive ambition and fancy as if it were actual as indeed it is to the one who entertains it.

No period gives rise to more unhappiness and often anguish in the relationship of parent and child than this period of adolescence. It is then that the fundamental facts of life must be explained carefully and tactfully. No rules can be set down as to the best age in which to

impart these truths, for each child differs. Those who mature earlier will grasp the significance of sex and birth sooner than those of slower development. Here is a great problem which must confront all parents and one which they alone can decide. On the whole it seems desirable that matters of sex hygiene be taught in scientific fashion in the schools. Having become a sober study, the matter will lose any of its clandestine attraction and morbid curiosity will be destroyed for the normal boy and girl.

Nobody in the world takes himself more seriously than the young person first in love. Nobody is more variable and less to be depended upon. It is fortunate that few of us marry our childhood sweethearts. The one we choose to marry at fifteen is seldom the one who would make us happy at thirty-five.

At seeing the first signs of sentimentality in a boy, the parents are often alarmed and annoyed. They may be quite sure he desires favor in the sight of some curly headed miss when he starts carefully washing the back of his neck without admonition. He spends hours maneuvering with his necktie. He becomes secretive and temperamental. He exhibits strange traits of deception and evasiveness.

One lad who had fallen in love with a little brown eyed snub-nosed newcomer to the town occasioned his father and mother many long hours of consultation and deliberation. He seemed madly and unconditionally fascinated with the sixteen year old siren of his choice. At the final verdict that he was not to make any more engagements with her for that week, at least, he evinced surprising acquiescence and cheerfulness. He went to bed at eight o'clock, after first kissing his mother with a great show of filial affection. The next morning the good woman felt a complex of anger and amusement at seeing the young rascal quietly removing a tall ladder from beneath his window. On investigation she found that, imbued with the spirit of exciting adventure, the boy had climbed down from his room the previous night and committed the dangerous indiscretion of taking the brown-eyed girl home from prayer meeting.

When the parents despaired of distracting his attention from the object of his affection and made no attempt to argue him out of his absorption they were astonished by his perversity. Abruptly and with all the callowness of his years he transferred his affections to a

pigtailed coquette who had lived all her life next door. They were even more annoyed by his rudeness in cutting his former sweetheart than they had been by his unreasoning infatuation. They resigned themselves at length to a succession of "affairs" fraught with nerve racking practice on the mandolin, effusive letter writing and long telephone conversations full of recriminations and banalities. In short they grew more sensible as their son waxed irrational and the era of amours dwindled into nothingness and disappeared. Grown into manhood the boy hears with a grin of embarrassment the tale of his ladder escapade and the "risqué" scene of its climax—the vestibule of the M. E. Church.

The modern girl is often desirous of leaving the parental roof at an early age to make her own living. She is restless under the pressure of authority and wishes to sense the new independence which a salary will give her. Too many girls from homes of plenty, even affluence, seek employment, from boredom or avarice, or to gratify selfish whims, thus depriving girls from another sphere of life of needed positions.

While it is desirable for every woman to have one vocation in which she excels, since the

winds of fortune blow so precariously in America, it is unwise for all girls to fancy they can enter the business world successfully. The average American girl should stay at home, engaged in the healthy routine of housework, with plentiful rest and exercise, learning to be her own milliner and dressmaker, rather than wasting her strength and energy in the dreary, monotonous grind of office work. The discontent of the average girl with life at home arises from her really having no work there—that is, not being made responsible for some part of the home life. Children should see themselves as contributors to household activities.

It is time marriage was considered as a vocation for which training is necessary. No girl should be ashamed to announce before being engaged that she intends to marry and bear children. False modesty about these subjects is a foolish remnant of an age which considered hoop skirts and tightly laced corsets admirable.

Fathers and mothers cannot begin too soon to inculcate these healthy, wholesome ideas into their children. Common sense is almost more essential than love to successful parenthood.

A parent is wise to encourage the child in

conversation by listening rather than dominating. In this way the child often displays the unusual extent of his knowledge. These frank conversations build up a bond of sympathy that leads the child to seek counsel rather than to avoid it. Youth develops confidence when it meets with sympathy and responsiveness. Too much advice and instruction destroys spontaneity of expression.

The child places reliance in its own convictions which it will retain whether making its opinions known or not. The question is whether it is to be encouraged in openness of conduct or crushed and driven into evasiveness and hypocrisy.

To establish a real companionship, parents must endeavor to enter constantly and genuinely into their children's pleasures and sorrows. Any friendship requires actual effort as the basis of its growth. To be the comrade of a child the father and mother must make themselves worthy of the trust. If they prove that they are interesting people with funds of good humor and fellowship he will seek them out for friends and advisers long after he is free of their dictatorship and authority.

CHAPTER XVI

RELATIVES

Charles Lamb wrote an inimitable essay on the poor relative, a species he found particularly uncomfortable. When the poor relation arrived for tea, burdened with troubles and excess baggage of pessimism, Lamb admitted he was touched. But he seemed to hold the attitude of the nobleman who was so moved by a beggar's appeal that with streaming eyes he called to his butler: "James, show this poor man out. He is breaking my heart!" Alas, if the beggar had been a family connection he could not have been disposed of with such despatch.

Samuel Butler is of the opinion that nature carries on the matter of family life with too much annoyance to the human being. "Why cannot we be buried as eggs," he asks facetiously, "in neat little cells with ten or twenty thousand pounds wrapped around us in Bank of England notes and wake up, as the sphinx wasp does, to find that its papa and mamma have not only left ample provision at its elbow but have been eaten by sparrows some weeks before it began to live consciously on its own account?"

Of course such an original suggestion is not to be taken seriously but rather as a petulant observation of the younger generation which finds itself hampered in individual development by innumerable rules laid down by relatives who are well-meaning and kindly enough.

Ordinarily the offspring are contented to receive advice and material aid from their kin until they set up homes for themselves. Then the separation between the family tree and the young shoot becomes as inevitable as that spring should follow winter. It is as natural as life itself that the young man and woman should depart with each other, shaking off the ties that bound them to their respective homes; that they should respond to a newly awakened sense of duty to each other; that they should insist on going away as mates and laying a foundation for a new household, unmolested by their families, however dear.

Too much dependence upon the old family life points only to weakness in the individual. Young people who are too burdened with inhibitions placed upon them by their elders never develop strong characters. Guardians, friends, parents, relatives—any older sponsors in fact, consider too little the truth that it is the early

training before the years of later adolescence that counts finally. However carefully one is fed on the conventions and nourished by solemn dictates, he has, after all, received his moral bias in early childhood and through his mental inheritance. If he allows himself at maturity to be ruled and moulded and molested by family opinion he is wronging not only himself, but those who are hoping for his greater achievement.

A man of strong character who marries a woman of vivid personality has, by the very act of his union, established an independent group which must not come under the jurisdiction of any court but that new court of two. This wish to stand alone is right and natural and should be respected by all family connections on either side. The interference of relatives is one of the removable causes for divorce.

One young husband and wife who settled near the home of the husband's family found they had made a serious mistake. The wife was nagged continually and criticized at every turn. The hints of the husband's family were so insidious that he found himself putting faith in them. He became suspicious of the wife who in turn lost all interest in her home and children.

Just when she came to the breaking point she was wise enough to leave on an extended vacation. When he joined her, the husband saw how blind he had been and realized that nothing had alienated them except the interference of the relatives. He was easily persuaded to rent a house far removed from the trouble makers and entertained no regrets over the distance between the two families.

There is a correct attitude toward "In-Laws" that must be consciously striven for by the married people. Jealousy must be avoided as a plague. The young wife must never for a moment allow herself to feel a pang over her husband's devotion to any of his relatives, whether mother, sister, favorite cousin or aunt. She can, by exercising common sense, teach herself to admire his love for them and to respect his wishes about the gifts he sends them, the trips he takes with them or the visits paid by them. It should be only a source of pride to her that his heart is big enough to entertain love for others as well as herself. She must know that love has no fixed quantity that diminishes with its use, but it is rather like some living tissue whose power increases with its exercise.

The husband must develop an interest in the

wife's relatives, which in all probability is lacking at first. If he takes the trouble to find out just what merits her young brother really has, he, too, will be attracted by her favorite's qualities and be inclined to genuine interest in his welfare. If it is her sister and her sister's household that hold an inordinate attraction for the wife, he must make it a point to become better acquainted with these paragons of virtue, and he will be astonished at his own sincerity the next time he inquires for their health.

Her mother and father should, from the first time he meets them, have aroused in him a deference like that he feels for his own parents. He should consider any tendency in himself to criticize them as unworthy as such inclination towards his own mother and father would be.

The mere fact that they are her parents should invest them with a sacredness, since only by honoring them himself can he understand her honor of them. It may be that if they were not related to her, he would no more seek their society than he would select his own parents for friends, out of a world of possible companions. Birth seems a rather heterogeneous affair. There is no accounting for its whims. He can neverthe-

less influence himself to feel that the home in which he was born possesses some charm simply because life placed her earliest and most telling development there.

Possibly it is the family tree itself which is most at fault, since few couples who are in love and wish to win happiness intend any injustice to each other's relatives. It is the parents which are most likely to be jealous. They are the ones who remain behind and dread the failure of the young people's adventure, who suffer loneliness at a son's or daughter's absence; who suspect that they have been replaced by someone dearer. They are invariably monopolizing, prejudiced, seeing their own all virtue. It is not wise to trust their advice completely in case of a quarrel; for the one consulted should be disinterested. In time of marital troubles the confidante should be chosen for honesty and the ability to point out the mistakes of both. The relatives of husband or wife will scarcely be broad enough to render this kind of tactful service. The wiser course is to have no confidante at all.

Many crude jokes have been devised at the expense of the mother-in-law. Most of them, like nearly all funds of current humor, are

abominable. They often encourage married couples of mediocre intelligence to dread association with their mothers-in-law as if they were indeed dreadful ogresses to be endured but not embraced.

Some husbands and wives are affected by these silly quips to the extent of becoming disloyal to their own parents, and reiterating the popular legend—for it can't be called an opinion. They forget that there should always be a certain dignity in their comment on their parents to each other, if only for the reason that no one respects a person who is so ungrateful as to belittle those who have brought him into the world. There are exceptions in extreme and unusual cases of parental cruelty but these are so infrequent there is no need of laying down rules for them. The average boy and girl are treated better than they suspect and it is only when they mature that they appreciate the sacrifices made for them. If, instead of that realization, he or she chooses to ignore the newly revealed debt of love and takes the opportunity of the new married freedom to speak slightly of benefactors, that individual has fallen short of the fineness that is imperative in character building.

It is equally unwise for the couple to confide disappointments and disillusionment to their parents. If they need sympathy they should get it from one another. To find one discussing the other is a grievous breach of confidence and an offense difficult to forgive, if simply from a point of pride and self-respect on the part of the one discussed.

Young people should have enough loyalty to each other to prevent their reporting their grievances to outsiders and especially to listeners prejudiced by the tie of blood. They should, on the contrary, defend each other against any criticism. They should likewise defend their own household against others as if it were a garrisoned citadel. That home is a new home and has the right of being established firmly on its own basis and foundation. Through new ideas and changes, the newly married should strive to make theirs an improvement upon the old homes which they have left. This sort of progress takes time. It cannot be expected that perfect harmony will be immediately established, that the young pioneers will proceed as smoothly as the old. There must be an adjustment and readjustment. The road must be graded until the bumps are smoothed out and they discover

through experience the best methods of carrying on their own plans in their own way.

Once having taken up the responsibilities of their new home, the young couple should practice strict independence, and avoid any reliance on their parents for support. It is a mistake for them to attempt making their home with either family. They should allow only the most pressing need to cause them to borrow money from relatives. Even in an urgent situation they should turn to business acquaintances for a loan rather than to their families. Acquaintances will regard the matter in a purely business light. Relatives will not. Those who borrow are inclined to neglect payment because of kinship. Personalities enter in and a break inevitably results.

Money is the most prolific source of trouble among relatives. Jealousy and selfishness are apt to influence all concerned. Upon the death of their parents, sons and daughters are seen to demonstrate unguessed greed and covetousness.

A man whose father had left him an inheritance was having his estate settled up in a lawyer's office. The matter was delayed from time to time; and in an unguarded moment the man remarked, "This thing takes so long to

settle up I sometimes almost wish that father hadn't died!"

Married couples should avoid even the advising of each other in such cases lest desire for the fortune destroy common sense and blot out discretion. A woman who urges her husband to quarrel with his own brothers and sisters for the sake of a few extra thousands is committing an inexpressible sin against every one concerned. She is driving her husband to break with his own family and to assume an attitude of ill-will which can only bring him future unhappiness.

However much a man hopes his wife may come into possession of a share of her parents' estate, he should keep his own counsel on the subject. If she shows any inclination to exhibit jealousy about the inheritance he should help her rid herself of the feeling. He ought to encourage her to take any unfairness in a will philosophically and without malice.

The preservation of the old family spirit in her home will be more precious to her eventually than the wealth. A share in the spirit of kindness is of more benefit than a share in the richest property of the world. Nothing can justify a man or woman in selling a birthright for a mess

of pottage. It is better to end up with "forty acres and not a single regret" than with a vast estate and an endowment of heartaches.

Fathers and mothers should teach their children how important it is to preserve the rare sense of family unity and inculcate loyalty to relatives by exemplifying it themselves in the home.

Holidays should be made occasions for reunions. The roof should ring with the laughter of those whom blood has made fraternal. Every one of the circle should feel charity for the others' faults and pride in their excellences. Kindly indulgence for failings of others can only broaden those who practice it.

What a pleasant atmosphere prevails in a home when all the near and distant relatives are in accord! They all gather together about the table, laughing at family jokes which an outsider would fail to understand. Those who have entered the family by marriage are not made to feel alien but are taken enthusiastically into the center of the circle. The youngsters look up at the familiar faces and are strengthened in the warmth of their affection by the love surrounding them. The little cousins form various alliances. They admire worshipfully

the young uncle home from college who gives an imitation of the freshman minstrel show. The aunts remark on how the high school niece has improved in her singing. The grandparents are relating happy reminiscences by the fireside.

The ties cemented on such occasions are not broken without regrets and misgivings. Married people should encourage each other to make every concession before attempting to sever the old bonds, especially with their nearest—the sisters and brothers whom they adore as children.

If there is an absolute lack of sympathy and each derives only discomfort and actual detriment from the relationship, a clean break must be made with no looking back or reaching out afterwards. Such cases are rare and the final step is to be taken only after long and careful consideration of all the issues involved. In ordinary families, relatives should prove a source of pleasurable companionship, for they satisfy one of man's primitive desires—his love of the clan.

CHAPTER XVII

THRIFT IN THE HOME

There is an old English story about the clever working man who determined to have a thrifty wife. In his journeyings about the country he passed judgment on the daughters of the homes where he stopped. The final test was the appearance of the bread-pan after the young cook took out the dough. When he found a lass who left no dough in the pan he married her.

In European countries thrift is practiced by the majority of common people to a far greater degree than in America. It is proverbial in France that a peasant can make an omelet out of nothing, with a few sticks for fuel. The economy of the Normandy peasants is mentioned in nearly every story written about them. Emigrants who come to America soon discover that this big, sprawling, energetic, confident country has more admiration for the quick getter and spender than for the slow earner and saver.

Everywhere the phenomenon of getting rich quick and getting poor quickly may be observed. Walk along the street and see the shop girls

hastening in with their pay checks to buy georgette crepe and Italian silk lingerie. Go into a restaurant and listen to the young shoe clerk ordering chicken a la King and expensive pastry. Step into a butcher shop and hear the workmen ask for the highest priced cuts. Then fancy the upkeep of their homes, the budget and the savings account.

It is only natural that young people should base their expenditures on the scales of their neighbors. This relativity of expense according to the varying walks of life is termed by sociologists, standard of living. The very poor can live for less than the well-off because their standards of living are lower. With the increase of income the standard becomes higher, and usually with the increased prosperity comes increased well being, energy and ability so that the earning power is increased. This sociologic fact points to a circle that revolves according to the flux of wages.

Considering the reaction of the individual to this law of masses, it is at once seen that the demands and tastes and longings of people, especially the young who are in continual contact with the world, vary according to the surroundings. The youth in the country or in the

small town has little opportunity to indulge in the luxuries of life. His temptation to spend is less. The wages and incomes are proportionately less. The city boy and girl learn quickly what the rich wear, where they go, how they live—how they furnish their homes. If these young people are earning money it is more than their country cousins receive, yet in a city a salary is easier spent and what is not used for necessities goes for shoddy imitations of the standard of living of the rich.

What does this comparison mean? It indicates the importance of saving capacity as against earning capacity. For, after all, it is not the wage or the expenditure that remains static, it is the sum that remains when output is subtracted from income that is the constant. And the factor that determines what this constant shall be is the thrift of the individual.

It is preferable that a man and a woman come from similar stations of life if for no other reason than that their standards of living shall not be too widely different. The adjustment is too difficult to make if one is accustomed to regard some luxuries as necessities and the other considers certain necessities as luxuries. If they have been reared in homes of similar

standards of expenditures they will find it easy to begin together with their mutual expense account. With little dissension they are agreed upon what they can afford. There are few misunderstandings since each has nearly the same notions about what is extravagance and what is not. The girl of wealthy parentage has a slender chance for happiness if she marries a very poor man. Her husband has gambled in self-respect and contentment with loaded dice against them.

Before marriage, young people seek to impress each other with their affluent circumstances. The suitor asked to week-end at a girl's home meets, very likely, an atmosphere of prosperity he takes as genuine. "After Charlie came to see Ann," the smallest youngster confided to an amused neighbor, "we ate mush 'n milk for a week!" The whole family have been feverishly straining to impress a young chap who is probably worrying lest he cannot support her in the style to which she is accustomed. If he guessed that the silver urn was borrowed from Aunt Millicent and the car belonged to Uncle Richard, he would feel easier, poor fellow.

Newly married couples are sometimes afraid of appearing thrifty lest they give an impression

of being ungenerous. Yet thrift is a quality that the thoroughbred American as well as the crude workman with his bread dough test admires and hopes to have his wife cultivate. It indicates not only an idea as to the value of money but a general thoughtfulness and steadfastness of character. The sensible woman, for her part, desires to see this quality in her husband, realizing that any economy he practices is designed to better their ultimate station in life.

Making definite plans and fixing a definite policy as to the distribution of funds in the home not only tends to economy and thrift, but benefits the individual by developing an orderly mind. Careless expenditure of money denotes weakness and develops a loose, disorderly, unsystematic mind.

Thrift does not mean smallness or cheapness. It means good judgment in purchasing and well-regulated, systematic spending. The best method of saving is the budget system with a definite amount for expenditure and a definite amount for a bank deposit. In this way it becomes necessary to exercise prudence in buying. The home affairs should be as business-like as the affairs of an office. A wife who practices

such a system develops a phase of character which makes her more companionable to her husband. He comes to rely on her intelligence and foresightedness in more important business matters. If she has shown herself faithful in these details he is more apt to consult her when at last they have amassed a large amount to invest. A man does not place reliance in a butterfly dolly-girl who prides herself that she can't add two and two and blinks up at him with confused eyes above tangled, untidy accounts where startling deficits keep the figures from balancing.

Nothing is more conducive to the rounding out of the domestic life than the wife's having a certain amount of business method in the administration of her household affairs. Women are prone to seek bargains and watch advertisements for the purpose of getting full value for their money. They will spend more time to save fifty cents than a man would to save five dollars, though the same man, as a principle, requires that strict economy be practiced in his business because that is a part of his system, though outside of his business he may be extravagant and careless. Women are always careful buyers and they conduct the home in a

more economical manner than a man possibly could, and when in addition to this ability to buy, a woman follows the system of each month allotting set amounts for varied items—for groceries, for rent, for dress, for amusements, she has inaugurated a policy which develops her ability and character.

It is certainly desirable not to grow too painstaking about the pennies, else the habit becomes so fixed that no enjoyment is ever derived from the spending when circumstances warrant prodigality. Many old couples who have had to scrimp in their youth may still be found turning out lights when they absent themselves a minute, or seeing that the potatoes have thin parings, or saving bits of twine, when their income is actually affluent. They have killed their ability to enjoy their money. To them, wealth is only something to save scrupulously, too sacred to treat with lightness, too solemn to regard casually.

While practicing care in expenditures and avoiding extravagance, because waste is criminal thoughtlessness, it is laudable for a man and a woman to preserve a high condescension for money as money. Along with pleasure in saving they should strive to develop pleasure in spend-

ing. The occasions on which they fling prudence to the winds may be few and far between when they once determine to add to their nest egg; but those periodic "flings" in which they spend grandly and superciliously as if their income were unlimited, give them a gay sense of prosperity and lighten their daily practice of thrift.

America indulged herself in one of those "flings" after the war simply because she had felt herself harassed by the continual need of economy. Her reaction was that of Mrs. Deland's character, David, who with his childish impatience was annoyed at being rebuked by the bishop for wasting his mashed potatoes.

"Some poor heathen child would be glad of what you leave," remonstrated the godly man.

"Suppose," returned the young rascal innocently, "Suppose I ate 'em—what then for the poor child?"

It is often hard for a young couple to see just how their thrift benefits humanity. Directly it benefits themselves more than anyone. Eventually it is bound to make itself felt in future eras of thoughtful, economic, prosperous generations that gradually raise themselves by their own endeavor into still better eras of finer standards and truer culture.

Each sex has its own idiosyncrasies about money. Men enjoy seeing women extravagant when the money spent belonged originally to "dad"; after marriage they have greater difficulty in deriving pleasure from the spectacle. Girls scold their fiances prettily for spending too much on them, before marriage, but they watch with tentative fear lest that generosity decrease with the increase of intimacy. Women express superstition that a man who carries change in a pocketbook is bound to prove ungenerous and selfish yet they have no love for wasters and prodigals. It was a chorus girl who made the remark that she lost all respect for a man who gave exorbitantly large tips or paid a bill at a restaurant without studying it first. Sophisticated women are likely to take foolish spending for asinine display or stupid ingenuousness. Only the uninitiated girl is impressed.

A woman employed by one of the large department stores in Chicago made the statement that there are many married women employed in that store and drawing large salaries whose husbands have sufficient incomes to support them comfortably. While it may be that these girls misrepresent their husbands' incomes, yet

in many cases his earning capacity is sufficient to support a wife and family.

There is no excuse for a woman's being employed unless her husband is an invalid or some unforeseen misfortune overtakes them, which incapacitates him for providing for his family. If every married woman would quit work tomorrow, her husband's salary would immediately be increased and better opportunities would be afforded him for advancement. Her employment necessitates absence from the home, haphazard meals and neglect of the home. The present and accepted view of marriage is that the man is to find the home and the woman to conduct it. After a day in the city, fatigue makes housework a burden. In addition the spiritual as well as the physical morale is undermined where the woman is a wage earner, since the wife is placed on the same basis of efficiency as her husband. A woman likes to revere her husband, to regard him as superman. This attitude is impossible when her pay check almost equals his. In such cases a man is prone to lose his self-respect and the respect of others. A woman's dependence upon her husband is one of the sources of her love and respect for him.

The extraneous influences upon the wife are

not the best. Her employer or the people with whom she is working infer that something is not as it should be, or, otherwise she would not be working. Most of the time she passes by her maiden name. This makes her liable to attentions from other men, from which she ought to be immune. When combined with discontent, this association is dangerous. She is coming in contact with the public when she ought to be following her natural destiny, creating a home with a hallowed atmosphere and raising children.

Sooner or later she acquires an active independence which puts her on a different footing from her husband, and she asserts her right of attending the dinner parties to which she is invited, now and then, and of lunching with other men. Such independence leads invariably to quarreling and dissension and very often to divorce. A large percentage of the cases in the divorce courts are brought by women who are employed. There has been a notable increase in divorce since the entrance of married women into all the fields of industry.

Women will argue and argue strenuously against this statement, thinking they have the right and privilege to work just the same. A woman has a "right" as far as she, individually,

is concerned to anything she wants. She has a "right" to damn herself—but not others. When her conduct affects society she has not that right. The thing that should influence her is not the "right" but the right thing for her to do.

Whatever women may say in public or to each other in confidence, deep in their hearts they all desire a home and children.

Barring exceptional cases where the wife has marked ability for commercial life, the employment of married women does not make for the increase of actual prosperity. It is thrift rather than money that is the foe to poverty and so the average woman will lay a firmer foundation for the well-being of her household if she devotes her efforts to increasing her husband's efficiency and to intelligent management of the income he can provide.

Many assert that present day economic conditions make it necessary for women to assist their husbands in earning money to defray living expenses. This is true only if the couple find it imperative to follow the example of extravagant neighbors in dress and modes of living, and even today the average man can afford a home and a family, provided he and

the woman of his choice are willing to plan and sacrifice for their home.

Show us the husbands and wives who are continually grumbling that times are hard and grouching about their continual expense, and we will show you the couples who live from hand to mouth in sunny weather without provision for the rainy day that is to come sooner or later.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE COMING WOMAN

If, as Omar Khayyam murmured, musing in calm, Oriental languor on life, we could "shatter it to bits and then remold it nearer to our hearts' desire," how should we fit the innumerable fragments of yesterdays that form the mosaic of today?

Admitting that women receive in return for their virtue the exact price they insist upon, what might they have demanded at the beginning if they had kept their own value properly high? Go back to the Garden of Eden. Reconstruct the story. Suppose Eve, intuitively glimpsing the future, had said to Adam, gazing at him with steady, fearless eyes, without coquetry or evasion:

"We are the progenitors of a long line of descendants. In future years every Eve will follow this precedent. She, even as I, will possess a gift whose bestowal every man, even as you, will hold vastly desirable. Let us have no pretense about the matter, no prudery, no nonsense about 'the fair sex', 'the weaker sex,' my 'innate modesty!'

"I can see that, since creation cast me in a somewhat less rugged mold than you, you may by keeping my intelligence less active as well assert a superiority. For the sake of you, yourself, and the race which follows you it is better that you and I march down the road of life now as equals. If this garden becomes populated with other tribes alien to us, let me use my subtlety in negotiating with them. I have planned all these things only because I know it will make us both happier and that, after all, is what we want.

"If your attitude is to be that I am created only for your pleasure and delight, that I am to have but one ambition—to make myself acceptable to you physically—then it is better that I do as I have determined: refuse you so that your passion may die out as a weak flame and our race perish as ashes.

"But O, my beloved, look at the other consummation of our love! Behold you and me together, always together, sturdy in body and wholesome in thought, treading the long road in joy or maybe in despair but always together! I shall return measure for measure all that you give me. I hold myself at no small value, it is true. But as much as I value myself I increase

your worth. When I depreciate my gift I depreciate its receiver.

“Gazing into this crystal ball that tells the future I see what my sisters may stoop in ignorance and folly to do. Suppose it becomes a tradition that your desire is a bestial thing, that men are all carnal and lustful at certain inflamed moments. Suppose women never discover that love transforms passion into a beautiful, natural exchange. If one woman gives herself to a man seeing him at that minute as a beast and herself a cowed creature suffering unwelcome caresses, the kingdom of love is invaded, its cities sacked, its altars desecrated. The few women who are asking a high price for their love will not receive that high price if there exists one woman who is satisfied with a lower. For women, I see in this crystal ball, will hunt bargains in finery—men in love!

“Believe me, my friend (for I ask that you be friend and lover alike to me), such a policy will debase you and your kind and bring unhappiness. See the great joy women may bring into the world with their gift if they bestow it only upon the princely. See how men will labor in fierce pride and exultation to make themselves worthy; see how they will revere the mothers

of their children who in turn revere their womanhood enough to keep it unsullied by brutedom.

“In my prophetic dream I think I see a long line of bidders for love bringing foolish toll which foolish women will accept, unknowing that if they wait, one will come who brings ransom greater than the richest dreams of princesses.

“One woman may sell herself for money. The man who takes her will hold her no higher than his gold. He will forget her while he labors for more money to buy further satisfaction of his desires. Then he will go back to amass more money. He will grow avaricious. She will blossom into an orchid with a strange, restless, exotic, unwholesome soul. She will have none of childbirth lest it leave her no time for adorning her delicate, silken body.

“Another woman may sell herself for a name. She wishes to become Queen Mazellazade, the possession of no less a personage than the King Cynoridias, Ruler of the Nornians, a people rich and proud who pay her homage. The king goes out to wars not courageously to protect his people but to conquer worlds and to oppress the weak. He returns with a more dreaded name. His wife bears him children not for love's sake but for pride's sake, merely that a

patronymic, Cynoridias, shall not die out upon the earth.

“A third woman sells herself for nothing—from fear. In her heart she has a dread lest after the first bidder no other follow after. She shrinks from the shame of being lonely with no lover. If she were not a fool she would deserve pity. She is too lazy to strike out as a man to make a place for herself by intelligently developing her talents. If she is plain she can make her mind beautiful; if she is not endowed with cleverness she can exercise simple goodness and make herself beloved not of men but of man. She is too poor-spirited to create for herself a splendid status and so she responds eagerly in servility to the first and least demand.

“Are these all? No. There are more unnumbered. Some from curiosity, some from weakness, others from compulsion by selfish women who bore them! There are stupid ones and scheming ones, sentimentalists who will later awaken disillusioned, hard-eyed prostitutes who awaken only at the clink of gold, languorous beauties who respond to lust in bestial bodies, foolish maidens, blind and superstitious about ‘virtue,’ ignorant of its meaning, mere gropers in a maze of circumstances!

"None of these shall I be, O my beloved! And I speak in the very hope that my high demands will raise you to demand still higher of me. I do not ask a foolish idealism that wishes to eat the eternal food of the gods. Let us eat bread—you and I—plain and wholesome. Let us rejoice that I am a woman, you a man—that we must trudge a hard road together through mire and brambles. I ask that you think of me as a comrade, if less mighty in some things, then mightier in others. Help me to be so. Let me work with you in equal vigor to achieve our joint ambitions whether to build a house, to hew a road, to fashion beauteous potteries or to make oaten pipes of the river reeds.

"Let me bear you children out of love—we shall labor equally for them. We shall confide every longing to each other; your body shall be as dear to me as my own; your least thought, to me quickly fathomable. You shall respect me as an entity and help me to mold a life that can stand alone if a grievous fate should part us.

"If the longing for the creation of something besides children seizes me even as it has seized you—the longing to something that will express my spirit, then you must respect me as if I were pregnant. For I shall be expressing your

spirit too in whatever I create—a song, a picture in the sand, a bit of clay molded in your image.

“Do I ask a high price for my return? . . . Yes! It is high! I have asked of you the right to live—the right to give. Living is giving. Love means to be fettered by self-made shackles. No love is free.

“I ask to go down the open road with you, fitting my stride to your stride, my thought to your thought. Come! . . . Come, I am ready. Let us run out joyously to the clean, fresh hill-side!”

Who can question that if Eve had so spoken she would have achieved a transformation in human relations!

Fancy the companionship that would have resulted when there was no distinct division of labor. Woman would not then have stepped aside when questions concerning matters outside her home arose. Man would not have judged her a plaything or a weakling. He would have consulted her for advice, relying on her strength and sagacity. He would have given through the ages the kind of treatment that women are demanding now.

But is it his fault that he does not change her status? Does she wish it to be changed?

Is she able, physically, today to battle the world side by side with him? She, alone, can fulfill the functions of motherhood and having given birth to children, she is so near to them and knows their wants so well that it is only logical for her to take up the further work of rearing them.

The history of women shows no time in which she abandoned this work of motherhood, but her position as an intellectual has varied throughout history. There have been eras in which she approached the woman pictured ideally by the hypothetical Eve. Unfortunately she has never maintained the position of companion to man throughout long periods or among all nations.

It is a historical fact that nations have attained to greatness in proportion to their recognition of women. All the Oriental races in which women have been bought and sold for lust alone, have been seen to fall quickly into decadence.

Two views may be taken of the past status of woman. One survey of her history might show that she was originally on an equal basis with man both physically and mentally. Among the Romans the higher classes of women were con-

sidered by men as equals. While they had little to say about laws, they were the arbiters of their homes, of the education of the children and of the social graces. They almost dominated men in religion through their power as vestal virgins and priestesses.

In ancient history we find names of many women who were powerful influences in matters of state, although this influence often made itself felt indirectly. Women took part in the Olympian games and we have no reason to believe that in physique they were considered inferiors.

Poppaea, the wife of Nero, was feared in Rome almost as much as Caesar, and the wives of the patricians were as respected as much as their husbands and deferred to quite as often. The wife of Vercingetorix fought side by side with him in the Gallic wars.

Thus if we hold the opinion that woman was endowed at creation by mental and physical capabilities parallel to those of the male, we must admit that she has deteriorated, at least physically, during the long years of civilization. She has been weakened gradually by unwise customs. She has suffered from enforced slavery and from conventional segregation in which she

has lived a secluded life. We see her wearing in turn the yashmak of the harem, the Grecian robe of the slave girl, the barbaric jewels of the courtesan, the hoopskirts, panniers, and tight-laced bodices of the sheltered lady. In none of these stages has she evinced independence of thought or vigor of body. Here and there we find her casting off the customs that bind her hand and foot but these are the exceptional women that cannot be taken as representative.

While in savage races which failed to attain to civilization she seems the physical equal of man, her rank is inferior. Among the Indians she has served as water-carrier and tent-builder. India in its uncivilized tribes considered her as not only beneath man but actually unclean. She was burned on a pile of fagots after her husband died. Egypt made of her a dancer and a servant. China bound her feet and forbade her appearance in gatherings of men. Baby girls are nowhere rejoiced over in these countries while the baby sons are cared for and worshiped with all tender solicitude.

On the other hand if we maintain that woman was created inferior both mentally and physically, we may survey the stages of her past as a series of evolutionary developments. We may

point to the fact that in spite of the handicaps of her history she has developed her talents and powers. She is in every country today casting off the shackles that have bound her. Widows are no longer burned at the stake in India. Chinese women are rejoicing in the freedom of unbound feet. They are even venturing into art and literature and many of them are attending universities in England and America.

This country is noticeably advanced in its conception of woman's status. It allows her greater freedom, perhaps, than any other nation. She is educated in public schools; she may enter professional life; she lectures, writes, takes up art and sculpture, goes into business—follows, in short, nearly every pursuit of man.

Now she has demanded and succeeded in obtaining, rights. Before many years she will be taking an active part in law-making, in statesmanship, in the execution and administration of law. She will soon change state constitutions that she feels detrimental to her progress; she will insist on the introduction of other new laws which will further her best interests. Her growth may, in the future, proceed parallel to man's or it may exceed his. In a hundred years, or in a shorter length of time, she may become

the supreme arbiter of nations, dictating to man as he has dictated to her.

Now arises the question of how she is to use this extension of her power. Man will gradually feel the decreasing of his former authority and he will question her motives, judging them by the standards of the civilization he has introduced into the world. He will be as an employer who has educated a young man to be his assistant, finding himself slowly superseded by his junior's dominion. The assistant demands co-partnership. Will the employer grant it without resentment so that the business can be conducted with harmony between them or will he grudgingly withhold the rightful status so that the duel of wits goes on to the detriment of the work in which they have engaged? Having been raised from the position of servant to partner, will woman become indifferent to her duties and arrogantly misuse her jurisdiction?

In demanding new rights the modern woman must forfeit some of her old ones. She cannot expect to retain all the old deference and chivalry which man has previously paid her. She is, at present, unfair in this: she clings to the old courtesies and still expects to annex new privileges. She is not satisfied to go on into an

entirely different stage of her development but feels herself justified in following old modes while crying for increased "rights."

It is time for women to admit a few facts about themselves. Because the first woman did not demand unconditional equality; because through ignorance and injurious customs women have actually grown weaker than men; because nature has placed on women the burdens of motherhood; there is an external necessity for woman's continuation in a sphere different from man's. Her sphere need not be different intellectually, it need not warp and narrow her by constant confinement within the home, but it must exact from her close attention to innumerable details about the home and it must always demand from her the service she gives to humanity by the bearing of children.

Women feel that these truths have been insisted upon too often. They protest that "innumerable" details about the home are tiresome, that child-bearing is not only unpleasant but often devastating, and that the work of rearing the young is wearing and makes life dreary and burdensome.

Depend upon it that women receive what they demand. When they make it plain that

they have been carrying too large a share of the labor of the world, men will not turn deaf ears. It is true that no proper provision has been made for the service of motherhood. Women have demanded that motherhood be made easier through measures to be taken by the government, but they must outline some definite policy and enlist larger numbers of women in the movement before men will be convinced that women really want such progress and will co-operate in the necessary work.

When women have decided just what they want and apply to the attainment of their desired status as women the same intelligence and persistence and organized effort that they gave to the securing of political equality, that undefined status will be obtained. It is within the power of women to establish the conventions of society upon any plane that they desire and therefore the future of the human race entirely depends upon the women of today.

THE END





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